

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **Your Child Learns About the Church—Hazel A. Lewis**
- **Sealing the High Cost of Living—Gracye and Walt Boller**

February 1950

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Fireside Chat . .

Unless you are truly out of the ordinary, at least one problem with which *Hearthstone* deals this month is puzzling you right now. This issue we present material touching three realms of health and growth—mental, physical, and spiritual.

* * *

In the mental growth department we would classify Mrs. Roesch's article on Have a Family Reading Night, beginning on page 28. You'll want to organize one right away and maybe even invite a neighbor in.

* * *

Then, too, considering college for your children falls into this category—at least for the prospective student. R. B. Montgomery discusses the problem fairly and sets up some standards for both homes and colleges.

* * *

As for physical growth—consider Mrs. Cole's article "When a Child Is Sick." File this one for reference if you haven't an ill youngster now—eventually you can use it.

Recreation is important in all areas of growth. Eleanor Hammond has some thought-provoking pencil games this month, while Loie Brandom's Winter Camping Party will intrigue the younger set.

* * *

For spiritual inspiration and thought Jack Finegan sends the second article about eternity, which we suggest you incorporate into your adult reading time.

Making religion a natural thing in home life is the theme of John Brush's article beginning on page 14. Every parent should take it to heart.



Let Us

Love One Another

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and he who loves is born of God and knows God. He who does not love does not know God; for God is love. In this the love of God was made manifest among us, that God sent his only Son into the world, so that we might live through him. In this is love, not that we loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the expiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another. No man has ever seen God; if we love one another, God abides in us and his love is perfected in us.

By this we know that we abide in him and he in us, because he has given us of his own Spirit. And we have seen and testify that the Father has sent his Son as the Savior of the world. Whoever confesses that Jesus is the Son of God, God abides in him, and he in God. So we know and believe the love God has for us. God is love, and he who abides in love abides in God, and God abides in him.

—1 John 4:7-16.

A Word from *The Word*

—Photographs by Religious News Service.



This Business

of College

By R. B. Montgomery

IT IS never too early to ask ourselves questions about our children's education. Indeed, it is wholesome and encouraging to hear that young people planning for marriage and a Christian home are thinking about it. It is certainly one of the important considerations for any Christian family.

Early Provisions

As Christian parents we should and will plan to provide educational opportunities and privileges for our children to the full extent of each child's ability. Such plans should begin with the birth of each child. A part of the plan will consist in the setting up a fund in some form that will be secure and in the commitment on our part to a determined purpose to carry out our educational ideas.

From this firm decision will emerge the sense of responsibility on the part of every member of the family to assist each other in growing normally into more intelligent and worthy persons. There will develop a natural fellowship and comradeship in the democratic quest for knowledge about life and the Christian meaning of living.

Out of this intimate and stimulating fellowship

of the home, the children will more eagerly respond with interest in learning and will become curious about life in all its varied forms and expressions. Parents who are themselves continuing their personal growth through wide reading and concentrated study can become an inspiration for their children. Normal and important pursuits of parents greatly influence their growing children toward the same interests and activities.

The educational process on a mutual basis of interest, and as a shared pursuit, will find expression along many lines of exploration and investigation. There will be reading together of some choice books and magazine articles during a special time set aside for family reading. Also, there will be some books and periodicals carefully selected and made available to meet the growing interests and experiences indirectly through shared and guided study of the world of nature with its flowers, trees, birds, animals, rivers and mountains. More exciting still is the world of people of differing races and nationalities with their various customs and cultures. All of these can become a part of an exciting home curriculum even for very young children and also for adults.

When children reach school age and begin their formal educational program with the other children of the community the home can and should provide interesting supplementary materials and learning programs with the purpose of stimulating the formal school efforts. Family travel at vacation time, educational trips to museums, libraries, art galleries, historical shrines, buildings of architectural beauty, churches, zoos, botanical gardens can give children the personal experience which adds zest to study in the home, the school and the church.

Young People Must Decide

All of this has real point in helping to answer the question, "Shall we send our children to college?" In fact, we should not send our children to college, but rather seek to *lead* them toward college. If they respond and want to go to college we should make every sacrifice to make it possible for them to carry out their desire. For, if the college experience is to be profitable and worthwhile for our children, it must



—Monkmeyer.

—Bahnsen.

The president of a mid-western college takes time out to entertain students informally in his home. Personal contact with and interest in students is important to knowing and meeting their needs.

ultimately be their own choice and not just our ambitious desire for them.

Then, too, we must realize that children differ greatly in their ability to do college work successfully. For this reason we should seek to learn the general and specific abilities of each of our children. In this the schools can and will help us. If some of our children have special ability to do college work and others have special abilities along different lines, we should exercise great care and wisdom in not esteeming one child above another, and in helping each one to realize and appreciate his or her significant role in society.

We will not plan for our children to attend college for the social prestige which college attendance may bring to them and to us. Rather we will want them to go that they may educate themselves for the purpose of accepting responsibilities and obligations in social and religious leadership. College attendance is not a privilege through which to gain a social and vocational advantage. Rather it offers challenging opportunity to develop and to dedicate prepared lives in sacrificial service to humanity. A selfish, socially irresponsible college graduate becomes a menace to society.

Select the College Early

When our children reach the secondary or high school level we should begin to think with them about what college they will plan to attend. They will succeed better in their high school work if by the beginning of their junior year they have decided rather definitely on their college. This decision will motivate study and in many other ways it will help them to prepare for the college experience.

Some of the important things for us, as Christian parents, to consider in helping our children select a college are these:

1. Does the college have academic standing and recognition? Is it fully accredited by the regional accrediting association? This is important for our children because it guarantees certain standards of excellence in teaching, in library opportunities, in laboratory equipment and other educational provisions. It also assures us that our children will be admitted to professional and graduate schools without penalty.

2. Does the college offer the courses which will give ample opportunity for the student to major in the field of his or her special interest? Though this is essential, it should be recognized that usually it is unwise to insist that our children decide definitely on professional and vocational choices before the sophomore year in college. They need the college experience and greater maturity as the basis for final decisions in vocational matters.

3. Does the college provide wise guidance and counseling service for each student on personal and vocational problems? Students need to have some understanding, sympathetic, and respected persons to whom they can go at all times with any question or problem.

Shall we send our Children to College?

Why?

Where?

How?



—Monkmeyer.

—Meisner.

Young people should be "guided" toward college so that they will be ready to accept its challenges with genuine interest and enthusiasm.

4. What is the dominant spirit and purpose of the college? Does it have sincere concern about and a program to provide for the effective religious instruction and growth of students? It is a major tragedy for our young people to acquire facts and develop skills without the religious development that will make them poised and balanced persons who are keenly aware of the total meaning of life and who are alert and sensitive to social responsibilities.

5. Do we have confidence in the administration and faculty of the college? Can we trust our children to their supervision and care without constant interference by us and wait for their request for cooperation when in their judgment it is wise and needed? There must be understanding and cooperation at this point if our children are to succeed. Over-anxiety on our part which leads to suggestions and counsel conflicting with that of responsible college persons only causes frustration and possible failure on the part of our children.

(See page 43.)

Scaling the

HIGH COST

of living

By Grayce and Walt Boller

SCALING the high cost of living *can be fun!* It is a challenge and meeting it successfully brings a wealth of satisfaction. It is not a question of "doing without" for in that lies only frustration and anxiety. It is, rather, a question of substituting inexpensive things for expensive ones. And it can be done, if we turn to our Heavenly Father for guidance and strength.

First of all, don't deny your obligation to God and to your church. Tithe your income and you will be surprised how far it will go. Have a budget and make the first item on it "church offerings."

It has been said that anyone with money doesn't need a budget and anyone without money has no use for one. But it is so easy to spend, a little here, a little there, with no value received and no idea where the money actually went. So—know your obligations and arrange for them, far ahead if necessary. Then, when they come due, what satisfaction in having the money ready and waiting!

For example, if you have a coal furnace, you know in June that you are going to have to buy coal in November. Why not buy it in June, when prices are at their lowest? Lay in your winter's supply then, and forget it until cold weather. Begin in May to set aside a certain sum each month labeled "Fuel" and by the following April, if you have planned correctly, your fuel money is ready and waiting. You can bank it each month and see it mount up slowly but surely. Do the same with other annual obligations such as insurance, real estate taxes.

In the same way, plan for major purchases of clothing, a suit for

Dad this year, a winter coat for Mother next. In that way, you will have the cash on hand to pay for things. This in itself is a major saving, eliminating time payment charges.

SAVE SYSTEMATICALLY, every week, if it is only ten cents! Make it as much a part of your budget as the groceries. Put it off and you will never have anything.

Make the budget a family project. Where there are children, take them into your confidence. Talk calmly and objectively, without destroying their sense of security. You'll be surprised at their cooperation and understanding, once they are made partners in the family budget. Make it a game, use your sense of humor.

It doesn't hurt the children to earn a part of their pocket money. There are so many things they can do in this line, mowing lawns, shoveling snow, baby sitting, running errands, and a thousand additional things they can think up for themselves. One thing is important in this respect—let them budget, too. So much for their church school offerings, so much for pleasure, so much for gifts. They will learn the value of money more readily for having such responsibility.

Since the foundation of America is her homes where mother, dad, sisters and brothers work and play together in harmony, perhaps in this atomic age it would be refreshing to return to some of the old-time pleasures we knew as children. The best things in life are free. We needn't dash madly about in the family car for pleasure. Actually, a family can have

a lot of fun without a car; without even going from home. Have you ever had a taffy pull? The warm, sweet, sticky stuff clings to your fingers, you pull and pull and before you know it, everyone is in stitches and having lots more fun than a television set would give!

Have you gathered the family about you on a winter's night just before family prayers, perhaps, and read aloud from a well-loved classic or a book of Bible stories? It's fun to discuss what comes next or what was just read.

Have you popped corn when the wind was howling around outside? Mother melts the butter or margarine, Susie gets the salt shaker while waiting for her turn at the popper. Brother shakes and shakes, listening to the minor explosions like small caps on Independence Day.

How about a backyard picnic when the temperature soars and it is too hot to cook? Fun, isn't it? And inexpensive! A family walk on a pleasant afternoon can be a great adventure. Sharp eyes can see much as they observe God's handiwork. Sharp ears can learn much if mother or dad reads up ahead of time on trees and birds and all of the things likely to be seen on such a walk. These pleasures unite the family into a closely knit group.

MAKE THE MOST of special holidays! Inexpensive parties can be given if time and thought are devoted to planning. For birthdays, a cake with candles is a must, plus happy, smiling faces and the birthday song sung with love. There need not be expensive gifts. Something planned and made together as a surprise for the

avored one will mean more to all than the most expensive boughten gift. Cut in appropriate shapes, cookies for Halloween or Valentine Day will make it a special holiday for the youngsters.

When it comes to shopping for food, don't rush out two minutes before dinner and grab what the corner grocer offers. Plan ahead. It takes thought, work and a lot of planning to scale old H.C.L.! Make out a week's menus in advance, dovetailing supplies with menus so less items are needed. Watch the sales. Buy food in quantity. Larger packages of cereals and almost any other item are cheaper. But only cheaper if you use them! Don't waste!

Use at least one-fourth of your food dollar for milk and milk products such as cheese. Milk is one of our best and most nourishing foods. Be sure the children get enough of it, a quart a day for growing youngsters. Use at least one-fourth of your food dollar for fruits and vegetables. Use no more than one-fourth of your food dollar for meat, fish, poultry and eggs. No more than ten cents of every food dollar for fats and sweets, no more than fifteen cents of every food dollar for bread and cereals.

INEXPENSIVE FOOD doesn't need to be monotonous. Pep it up with color touches, variety. Plan a foreign meal now and then. Our United Nations friends can add much to the interest of our daily meals. Recipe books can be bought for as little as twenty-five cents. Put a gay cloth on the table, and use any dishes or souvenirs you may have from a foreign country. Serve one dish or the whole meal, using foreign recipes. Pretend you are visiting that country. Let each tell something he or she knows about it. Discuss the great men, the art, the literature, the industries, the people. The children will love it, and so will you.

Don't be ashamed to use margarine instead of butter. You will save and enjoy it, too. Incidentally, margarine is fine for baking,

and gives the finished product a rich, butter-like flavor. Don't throw away the precious vitamins in the vegetable water. Combine it in summer with tomato juice and serve as a first course. In winter, mix with a bouillon cube for a refreshing hot drink.

Use diluted evaporated milk for cooking, just as you would fresh milk. Use it undiluted instead of eggs for dipping. Dry beans are nourishing and can be prepared in many different and delicious ways. Don't scorn the "lowly" hot dog. It is full of nourishment and can be served in such a variety of dishes.

Are you acquainted with the organ meats, heart, liver, tripe, kidney? They contain finer nutrition than the best and most expensive steak. Have you tried Philadelphia peppercorn soup made with tripe? It's good! A delicious and nourishing soup can be made from chicken backs. Bought for from fifteen to twenty cents a pound, a few pounds cooked slowly with an onion and a bit of celery turn to delicious broth. Add some noodles and a beaten egg and there is good fare for a cold winter night.

Do your own baking. It takes more time but it is tastier and cheaper than buying all baked goods.

Have a vegetable garden if you possibly can. It makes a wonderful family project with everyone pitching in to help. And don't those fresh vegetables taste good when raised by your own labor, together with God's gifts of sunshine and rain? Even a dozen tomato plants help, if there isn't room for anything else. Extras may always be canned.

WITH CLOTHING, it pays to buy the best you possibly can afford. It will wear longer, look better and give greater satisfaction. If mother can sew, what savings can be made in her own clothes, Susie's, and Brother's, and even Dad's, when it comes to pajamas, etc. Take care of your clothes, and teach the children to



—Eva Luoma.
Mother buys the best possible in clothing for everyone. She knows anything less is false economy where wear, comfort, and appearance are concerned.

do the same. Put woolies away come summer so the moths don't have a feast. Mend promptly before the tear becomes too large.

Before discarding a garment, look it over carefully. Can it be cut down for Susie? Can two garments be combined to make one useable one? Can that housedress be made into an apron? That coat into a hug-me-tight? That skirt into a beret?

Do your own pressing of clothes, your own shaving, shoe shines, etc. Otherwise it means a cash outlay. Watch sales for good buys in shaving cream, toothpaste, etc. Keep extras on hand so top prices need not be paid when renewals are needed.

If you own your own home, make minor repairs yourself, and before they become major ones. Shovel your own sidewalk of snow. Mow your own lawn or let brother contribute his share to the family good in this way.

Then remember, through all your budgeting and striving—"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." (1 Pet. 5:7.) You can scale the high cost of living, if you look to God for guidance. We're doing it!

Some Conclusions

About

ETERNITY

By Jack Finegan

LAST month we began a discussion of the conception of eternity as suggested by the words of Paul in 1 Corinthians 2:9. There the apostle declares that what God has prepared for those who love him is something "no eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived." We wish to draw some conclusions now about eternity on the basis of what Paul says and suggests.

One conclusion has to do with the actual possibility of the life beyond. Paul's way of looking at it helps us to understand that eternity can be a genuine reality even though it is something which is beyond the full reach of our present comprehension.

In physics we are familiar with the spectrum. When a ray of white light is passed through a prism, it is separated into its component parts; a veritable rainbow of color is spread out before us, ranging from red on the one side to violet on the other. We know now that there are different wave lengths of light and that they give us the different colors. As measured by the physicists, the wave lengths of the colors before us are from 0.00004 to 0.00007 centimeter. This is the range of visible light which we look upon with admiration and joy. These are the colors that brighten the world about us in flowers and in sunsets, the colors which artists and persons use to make paintings and objects of beauty.

We have now learned, however, that there are farther ranges of spectrum beyond what appears to the eye. There are wave lengths both longer and shorter than those which are responsible for the colors which we see. Out beyond the red end of the seen spectrum, there is the whole realm of the infrared. Here the wave lengths get longer and longer until they are as much as 0.03 centimeter. These rays are invisible to us; nevertheless, we can make use of some of them. It is

—R.N.S.



possible to make photographs by infrared light. In high mountain photography it is thus possible to penetrate the haze of great distances and bring out the outlines of remote peaks with sharp clarity. The waves of light in this range are so long that they penetrate the haze, whereas the shorter rays are deflected and do not get through.

At the other end of the spectrum likewise, there is an entire realm which, although invisible to the ordinary eye, is of the highest importance. This is the realm of the ultraviolet. Here the wave lengths get shorter and shorter until they are as little as 0.000002 centimeter. Invisible though they are, we know that these wave lengths also are significant to us. It is possible to get tanned by ultraviolet light which the eye cannot see. Here also is where the x-ray is found. When this was first discovered, it was so mysterious that they simply called it x. The wave lengths here are so extremely short that they can penetrate apparently solid objects. The great benefits of the use of the x-ray are now known to all, especially in the realms of the diagnosis of injuries and the cure of disease.

The same thing that is true about light is also true about sound. There is a range of sounds which we hear with the normal human

Paul declared the existence of things beyond man's comprehension. Scientists today have found similar entities in the physical realm of light and sound. The spiritual values await discovery.

ear. There are also sounds, however, which exceed the limits of the human ear. Some sounds are audible to dogs which cannot be heard by men. Some people call their dogs with whistles which make sounds pitched so high that the dogs hear them while human beings do not. A beginning is being made nowadays in the utilization of sounds beyond the range of our hearing for commercial purposes. It is even thought that the inaudible wail of superpowered sirens producing sounds so high in pitch that no human ear can hear them may be able to dissipate the smog of Los Angeles!

Another illustration of the same thing of which we are speaking is the radio. The radio waves are now everywhere, even passing through our very bodies continuously. Yet we are not aware of them. Only when we have a sensitive instrument and tune it in correctly do we get the program.

Now all of this is a part of the idea about eternity which Paul suggests. Eternity is not anything which we see or hear or comprehend right now. Nevertheless, it is absolutely real. It is like the

part of the spectrum which is beyond what the eye can see, like the range of sounds beyond what the ear can hear. Since we know in those areas that there absolutely are ranges of reality beyond ordinary sense perception it is perfectly reasonable to believe that there is an eternity beyond the present life. This is one conclusion to which we may come on the basis of Paul's words.

A second conclusion which comes to mind is that Paul's idea gives us some light on the nature of the proof of eternity which we have in the fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Christ was able to see and hear and understand things in higher realms of the spirit than any man. When he was raised from the dead he lived in a realm of reality higher than that of purely earthly things. Those who had been nearest to him were made extraordinarily sensitive to these matters and they were able to witness the reality of his resurrection. This happened only once in the history of the world because only once did one walk on the earth wholly worthy of the title of the Son of God.

As Unto Thee

Be this my prayer to grace divine,
Impart, dear Lord, Thy life to mine,
That I may share Thy blessed will,
Thy mission for me to fulfill.

A bit more like Thee may I grow
Some measure of Thy spirit know
Oh may my word and action be
As unto Thee, as unto Thee.

Help me to feel of Thee a part
Enshrine Thee, Lord, within my heart,
To find Thy presence ever nigh
My humble part to glorify.
Be this my prayer to grace divine,
Lord, let me lose my life in Thine,
Oh may each hour, each moment be,
As unto Thee, as unto Thee.

—INA DULEY OGDON

BRaille—

Her Hobby

By Lydia L. Roberts

A NOVEL, filling six large volumes, was exhibited at a Boston book fair some years ago. Each volume contained one hundred pages of heavy paper a little larger than typewriter paper. There was no printing on any of the pages, only raised dots. This novel was only one of the many books transcribed into Braille by Miss Irma Griffith of Boston, as a personal service to the blind. Some people might call it work, this spending of hours a day for months and years carefully making rows of dots with a stylus on heavy paper attached to a board; but she chose it as her hobby.

From the time she was a young girl Miss Griffith had been interested in blind people. For years she scanned newspapers and magazines for stories about what people could accomplish without being able to see. The clippings filled two big scrapbooks. After her retirement from clerical work in the State House, Miss Griffith looked around for an absorbing and lively interest. She preferred a project that would not only fill her days happily, but also bring happiness to others. Investigating various branches of social work and reading about hobbies, she was yet uncertain of what she wanted to do. One day her attention was called to the need of books for the blind, and she decided to make Braille her hobby.

Procuring the necessary instructions from the Red Cross which had charge of the work at that time, she trained herself to become expert in writing words with dots instead of letters. It was important not to make mistakes when transcribing to prevent ruining a page. A slight mistake might be remedied by using the Braille "eraser" which looks like a tiny wooden pear with a flat point and is used to press back the dots into the paper so the word may be rewritten. Before long she received a certificate from the American Red Cross stating that she, "had passed the Braille examination satisfactorily and been accepted as a volunteer Braille transcriber." The certificate was signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

DURING the war, because of the pressure of other calls on the Red Cross the Braille work was taken over by the National Braille Press, thus ensuring a flow of books for the blind, and Miss Griffith continued her transcribing under their auspices. Various kinds of books have been sent Miss Griffith to be transcribed, including fiction, travel, textbooks, poetry

and history. She has also done many short stories and sermons. These Braille books have gone to the Library of Congress, the State Traveling Library of Iowa, Philadelphia Free Library, and sometimes directly to a person needing a special book for a course, such as a law book for a blind lawyer. Several of the books were for high school and college students. One mother and son were so grateful for a Braille textbook rushed to completion that they visited Miss Griffith to express their appreciation. Several of the books have run into two and three volumes of Braille. This means many hours of work, as it takes her about half an hour to do one page. The biggest job, which took nearly a year of patient work to transcribe, was a book on citizenship containing over two thousand pages. When transcribed into Braille it filled twenty large volumes. Another book on science, equally long, was transcribed later.

Besides doing work for the Braille Press, Miss Griffith has found time to copy in Braille some letters received by a blind and deaf woman who could then read them for herself. When a blind "letter friend" came to Boston Miss Griffith was her guide to spots of interest she wished to "see," and accompanied her to the theatre which was one of the blind woman's greatest treats.

MISS GRIFFITH also designs and transcribes Christmas cards in Braille and sends them to her many blind friends, and to some she knows only through correspondence. As a finishing touch she pastes a small picture in the corner of each card, because this makes it attractive to the family and the blind person likes to feel it there.

When a book she has transcribed is accepted, a label is inserted which reads, "Transcribed and presented by—(name)—and the date." For the books sent to the Library of Congress Miss Griffith received embossed forms which run as follows—"The Library has received from you—volumes of your transcription into Braille—(title)—a valued addition to its collection for which I have the honor to return grateful acknowledgments. Very respectfully, Your obedient servant, Archibald MacLeish."

Miss Griffith buys all the material and equipment necessary for the Braille work and receives no pay for her services. It is enough, she says, to know that from her quiet corner of life she is sending forth year after year these Braille books that give education and recreation to people otherwise deprived of them.

A short story by

Eva Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY VANCE LOCKE

AT THE telltale scraping sounds in the room above, Molly Atlee's hand tightened disastrously on the birthday card she held and she flinched and seemed to shrink into herself. As clearly as though she were at the scene, she saw the chair being moved; the chest being pushed to one side; the rug being lifted; something being placed under the rug.

She ran her tongue across her stiff lips. Ever since that day when she had seen the corner of a five dollar bill protruding from under the rug. . . In a wave of memory, that other day claimed her.

"Tommy must have dropped his money and never noticed it," she thought, "It's not like him to be careless with it."

She picked up the bill; put it on his desk; weighted it down with the gruesome snakeskin that he had coated with plastic and coiled in such a lifelike position.

With the money, a small quantity of dust had come from under the rug. With a self-reproving shake of the head, Molly flipped back the edge of the rug.

Tommy's voice quavered with tears he could not find. "My own folks!" he choked. "They don't trust me."



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
TO ME

There was money under the rug. A number of bills were scattered over the floor. There were a number of ones and fives, even a ten. She could look no longer.

The bill that she had found had not been dropped. It had slid out from beneath the rug. Gingerly, she took the bill and slipped it back into its hiding place.

DOWNSTAIRS again, she realized that her hands were trembling. She made a cup of tea and sat down in the big bay window in the dining room.

The lawn was newly green and she saw that the rough spots were

less noticeable. Tommy had worked so hard with that heavy roller all last summer and fall.

She conjured up his face—purple with heat and beaded with perspiration, as he panted, “I’ll iron out those bumps if it’s the last thing I ever do.”

He would take up the fight again when he saw those spots. He never gave up.

“Someday, Tommy,” she had once told him, “your wife is going to accuse you of being stubborn!”

“Stubborn?” he grinned. “Me? Stubborn? No, I’m not, Mom. I’m just—tenacious!”

Call it whatever you like. Wasn’t she . . . tenacious . . . herself? A woman had to be to hold down a job and take care of a house in addition to rearing her son.

Tommy was such a fine boy—square and loyal and understanding far beyond his years.

He wasn’t a brilliant student. His English was little short of tragic and his Latin was worse. Undeniably, he rated baseball above history and wood shop above biology.

He rose at 4:30 to deliver a morning newspaper, rain or shine. Instead of an overcoat, he wore—alternately—a heavy blue jacket, a reward for three consecutive bills paid before the first of the month; and a yellow sweater, a reward for two months without a complaint about his service.

Molly put down her cup with a hand that had stopped trembling. Her lips twitched in a shamed grimace.

Her gaze wandered across the lawn. The hedge of raspberry bushes was showing green mouse ears. In the far corner, rhubarb had cautiously poked up a tightly furled umbrella. Beyond this lay the slope and beyond that the park.

The birds were rioting in the sun of early spring. A cardinal clung to a precarious treetop trap-eze and cried, “Whut? Whut? Chur! Chur! Chur! Chur!” A mocking bird searched through the still barren boughs of the dogwood for birdie. “Birdie! Birdie!” he called coaxingly, “Birdie! Whee! Whee!”

Molly sighed with aching pleas-

ure. She freshened her tea and drew the morning paper nearer. “It’s such a relief,” she murmured, “not to see headlines of war or rumors of war; no explosions; no murder. It’s wonderful when front page news is news of peace and science and—”

THEN SHE saw it. It was a small item. “Teen-agers caught robbing sporting goods store . . . involve others . . . a ‘Thursday night out’ project . . . not actually criminals . . . juvenile ‘follow the leader’ . . . thousands of dollars worth . . . released in custody of parents. . . .”

Her cup clattered against the saucer. Thursday—Tommy went to the Recreation Center Gym on Thursday evening. After that, he and his gang stopped at George’s newsstand. “We horse around,”

Harmony

**O God, how wonderful it seems
That Thou hast let man’s awkward hands
Strike those deep chords of Time,
upon Thy lyre,
Which vibrate with the music of
Eternity.**

—NEVA NICHOLSON

he always said. “George has cokes and potato chips.”

“A fellow needs to watch his figure *and* his do-re-mi,” she had cautioned laughing.

“Figure!” Six foot four and one hundred and forty-five pounds, he had smiled at that. As for the rest, “Oh, I . . . we help George, too. He does right by us for it.”

So Thursdays he went to the gym and to George’s—or did he?

Oh, he did. Of course he did! Tommy—hard working, loyal, steady Tommy was too fine. . . .

What had that speaker said at the last P.T.A. meeting? “Most delinquents are the victims of a parental it-can’t-happen-here notion.”

Oh, Tommy! Tommy!

She tried to swallow the aching lump in her throat but her heart was wedged against it.

“Oh, Tommy,” she murmured helplessly. “Oh, Tommy, Tommy.”

AS SHE INVOKED his name, he crashed through the front door.

“Mom! Mom! Hey, Mom! I made it. At least, I didn’t get cut today when the coach dropped all but eight of the guys who went out for pitcher. *I made it!* I’ll be second-string pitcher, anyway.”

He had clutched her around the neck and whirled her around the room.

“Congratulations!” she gasped, “Dizzy Atlee, I salute you!”

He grinned and allowed her to ease herself back into her chair. He draped himself across the back. “Could you fix up a couple of pairs of old dungarees, Mom? I’d like to have them for practice.”

“They’re pretty hopeless,” she said doubtfully. “Couldn’t you splurge to the extent of a \$2.99 pair of pants?”

“I’m pretty short,” confessed Tommy, blowing down her neck, “short *and* flat. Could you, Mom?”

“But, Tommy,” she protested weakly (He’s *got* money, she thought, plenty of it. Why *won’t* he use it?) “You still have your paper routes. Don’t you clear anything any more?”

“Sure do!” He spoke proudly. “Average about forty a month. But lunches cost like anything and I had my shoes fixed. Of course, George sells stuff. It gets away, sort of,” he finished vaguely.

“You’ll have to do better than that or the grocery store that you expect to have won’t last long,” she warned. “You’ve got to know where every dollar comes from—and where it goes. Right now is the time to make that a habit. I’ll manage about the dungarees but remember what I said.”

“Will do!” He was whistling silently, his eyes narrowed speculatively. “I’ll bet I could,” he added abruptly. “I’ll bet I could!”

“Could what?”

“Account for every dollar—coming and going,” he replied cheerfully. “Income, outgo, and status quo.” He hugged her with brutal affection. “Mom,” he was looking past her now, “is that rough place still rough?” Without waiting for an answer, he moved so suddenly that her chair

lurched wildly, "I'll get the roller and start ironing."

She held her breath as he thundered down the basement steps. She always had a wild, ridiculous fear that the stairs were going to collapse under him.

WHEN Thursday came, she made a half-hearted attempt to keep him at home.

"Aw, Mom," he was amazed. "This is my night at the gym. And us guys hang around George's for a while afterward. Let's do something tomorrow night, huh?"

She nodded with a smile that couldn't light her eyes.

When he came home at eleven, she was waiting with hot chocolate and a fresh hickory nut cake. She didn't ask any questions. He didn't volunteer any information.

That, then, had been the pattern. Cowardly of her, perhaps, but there it was.

Loving him; trusting every honest, loyal, steadfast inch of him; proud of all that he was. . . .

Well, today was Thursday. Tomorrow was her birthday.

As the scraping sounds continued, Molly moved uneasily and her hands clenched and opened spasmodically. Then she leaned forward, brushed an invisible speck from the tablecloth, drew the cup toward her. She drew a deep breath and pressed her hands against the table to steady them; drawing up every ounce of strength, every drop of courage, because she must—she must—speak to Tommy about . . . (as soon as he comes into the room)

"Have some cake." The old pretense of urging a hesitant guest. "Oh, you must. I made it myself!" (When he finishes his first piece of cake. . . .)

"But they were such small pieces! Won't you let me give you a real piece of cake?" (As soon as he finishes eating. I can't spoil his snack.)

Eventually, there was no further possible excuse for delay. She cleared her throat. "Tommy," the name was the switch that started a mental magic lantern. The pictures whirled past her—Tommy coming home from his first day at

school with the picture he had made for her. A ten-year-old Tommy breaking his piggy bank to take his baseball money to buy her birthday flowers. Tommy—Tommy?—Never. She became aware that he was waiting. She grinned sheepishly. "The old lady is beginning to talk to herself!"

There was a rapping at the door. "Who on earth. . . ."

Molly could hear Tommy speaking. He seemed to be arguing with the caller. Then she heard his blunt, "Don't be a dope! Come in and tell my mom."

"Tell my mom." A cold hand tightened slowly around her heart.

Her panic changed to shocked amazement when she saw the caller. Johnny Cutler was one of Tommy's friends—part of that same innocently impudent, cheerfully rowdy gang. Tonight

Take Time, My Heart

Take time, my heart, to send a
prayer outwinging
For men enslaved. God, set them
free;
Teach them the song Thy hosts,
through faith, are singing;
May every heart in gladness turn
to Thee.

—VADA HART WEBB

Johnny's face was a bitter mask. There was a white line around his tightly compressed lips. His eyes. . . . He's been terribly hurt and he didn't expect it and he can't believe it.

"You just got under the wire, Johnny," Molly spoke companionably. "Tommy couldn't finish the cake. Here, have some hot chocolate."

She pulled the lanky frame onto a spare two inches of her chair and placed the cup before him. She forced herself to look away as the big awkward hand shook wretchedly and slopped chocolate into the saucer.

"I can't do anything right," muttered Johnny.

Molly snickered convincingly. "You are all three graces compared to Tommy," she assured

him, "At least I have yet to see you turn a plate of chow mein upside down on the rug over three feet away from the table."

"That was a test of skill," insisted Tommy.

"Getting your eyes open in time to deliver your papers in the morning is going to be a test of skill, too," hinted Molly. "What say we keep Johnny overnight, Tommy? I'll call his folks. . . ."

"You needn't bother." The tight look was coming back to the boy's face, "They don't care! Anyway, I'm running away."

Molly pushed the dishes aside and took the big young hand in hers. She clucked reprovingly over the nails. Fishing in her pocket, she took out a pair of manicure scissors and began to work.

"They do care, Johnny," Molly spoke without raising her eyes from her task. "They care more than anybody can imagine."

"Then why—" the boy's voice quavered with the tears he could not find. "Why did they accuse me of being a thief? Well, they practically did. When I got home just now, they started harping on this bunch that the police picked up for stealing, the Thursday crowd that the papers have been full of. My, my own folks . . . wanted to know why I'm out every Thursday . . . 'Where do you go . . . what do you do . . . who is with you . . . and then where do you go. . . ?' They think that I—that I—*my own folks!* They—don't trust—me!"

Molly's fingers were tight around his and for a moment or two the only sound was the soft rasping of the nail file. When she did speak, her voice was soft and low. "They trust you. . . . Oh, Johnny, they trust you! It's themselves they don't trust! Believe me, Johnny, I know! I know!" she said, as she felt him growing rigid beside her. "Being a parent is like being a teacher who teaches a course but must let someone else give the examinations and make out the grades. How can she be sure that she has put the subject across?"

"Well," began Johnny uncertainly.

(Continued on page 46.)

Should Something Happen to You,

What About Your Child?

By Janet Chandler

HAVE YOU ever thought about what might happen to your child if you were no longer able to take care of him and there were no relatives who could do so? Chances are that a licensed child welfare agency might be asked to help plan for him. These plans would be quite different from plans which might have been made for a dependent child fifty years ago. Or even ten years ago.

If your mother's family had been broken by illness or death and there were no relatives who could take her in, probably she would have been placed in a children's institution—an "orphanage." Unless some visitor took a liking to her and offered her a home, in all probability she would have remained there until she was a big girl of fifteen or sixteen, old enough to "work out."

If *your* home had been similarly broken, and no relatives could take you, there is a good chance that a social worker might have found a foster home for you. You might have been placed in a permanent or adoptive home—if you were a personable young thing of average intelligence, and without too many mentally defective or mentally ill skeletons in the family closet. Or, if some of your family were still interested in you, or there were other reasons why you should not be permanently separated from members of your family, it might have been a temporary foster home, a so-called boarding home. Here your board would be paid and the foster parents supplemented rather than substituted for your own family. The trend of foster homes, particularly boarding homes, is an effort to salvage for the child the values of home life in a family group.

And what about *your* child, if similar misfortune struck your home now? These days, social workers have learned that foster homes aren't any more a universal solution than were institutions. There are good foster homes and bad foster homes, and good and bad institutions, with a whole lot of grays in between, and none of them good unless they meet the needs of the individual child. It's a question of determining which kind of care a child needs and then finding a plan of care which comes as close as possible to meeting their needs.

Adopted Child

The bright blue bird of happiness
Has come to us to stay.
He flew right in when Sonny came
And hasn't gone away.

Son keeps our hearts so full of love
We have no time to fuss
About the small and trivial things
That used to trouble us.

What if he is adopted child?
We love him all the more
Because he needs a lot of love
To even up the score;

And so we give him love, and pray
That God will keep and bless
This dear adopted child who taught
Us love is happiness.

—FRANCES MCKINNON MORTON

BEFORE any plan is made for a child away from his family, however, the social worker first learns whether there is any possibility of his staying at home or with relatives. A surprisingly large part of any social worker's job is that of keeping out of institutions and foster homes those children who could be with their kith and kin if they were given a little outside help, financial or otherwise.

Take Johnny Hammond, for example. Johnny is five. His mother has tuberculosis. She's lucky to have discovered this in the early stage of the disease. A few months in the sanatorium, at the most a year, and she'll be home again. Johnny's father, upset and anxious, applies to a child welfare agency and asks that they find a foster home for Johnny. The social worker, in her study of the situation, gets acquainted with Johnny and his parents, and learns that the mother is greatly worried about Johnny's forgetting

her. "He'd get to love those other people and forget all about me."

Johnny is worried, too, but for a different reason. "I'll run away if I have to leave my Dad," he insists. A big tear winds slowly down Johnny's tear-smudged cheeks. His mother ill and leaving him, Johnny's father is now his sole source of security.

Through the child welfare worker, Johnny's father learns of a family welfare agency which provides and supervises housekeepers so that children who have no relatives to take them during the mother's temporary absence may still remain in their own homes. A kindly, understanding housekeeper is found, Johnny stays home with his Dad, and the mother can relax at the sanatorium knowing her home is intact.

IT IS different with the five Dixons. Their parents are both patients in a mental hospital. Hope for their speedy recovery is slim. For the present, at least, these children cannot remain at home. What next?

How about relatives, is the social worker's first thought. She talks with the children, who shake their heads sadly. There are, it seems, lots of Dixons round about, but all have large families of their own—all except Aunt Nettie and Uncle Ab. To their sorrow, they are childless. "Sure, we'd like to take 'em, but how the heck would we feed 'em?" asks Uncle Ab. "Easy to see you've never seen them five young uns eat."

Why not seek help from Aid to Dependent Children then, suggests the social worker. Why not, indeed! ADC, as it is popularly known, was set up precisely for this reason—to make it possible for children to remain with their own families or relatives by providing needed public assistance to those who can offer a good home to the child. And so the five small Dixons settle down happily with their Aunt Nettie and their Uncle Ab.

Harriet is less lucky. Her father, who had a football and cowboy outfit in readiness for Harry, Jr.'s, anticipated arrival, reluctantly put them away when "Harry" had to be changed to "Harriet." He never bought Harriet a doll, however. And when his wife died soon after Harriet was four, her father dumped her on the first family that would take her.

Harriet reacted to the dumping, which she rightly interpreted as rejection, by "acting up." She kicked and screamed. She bit. She had temper tantrums and night terrors. "You'll have to come after your brat. She's a perfect terror," the family told Harriet's father.

Another dumping ground was hastily found. A few weeks and the same thing happened. One home after another was tried. Each gave her up as impossible. By the time she was seven, Harriet was a perfect terror. In desperation, her father decided to place her for adoption. But who wants to adopt a little girl who screams, "I hate everybody and you, too," and spits at you just to prove it?



—Three Lions.

—Evans.

The orphanage superintendent introduces Sally to her "boarding mother," who will take care of her until foster parents are found.

The trained child welfare worker to whom Harriet's father belatedly turned for help believes Harriet will get along best in a small study home or treatment center where the house parents are kindly yet firm, and do not expect disturbed children to change immediately nor to love others when they themselves have never been loved. Here Harriet will have weekly interviews with a psychiatrist who can help her to discover why she feels so hostile to the world.

There's every reason to think that in another year or two Harriet may be able to take on foster parents. Right now, group life is what she needs. Child welfare authorities believe nowadays that no child should remain more than a few months or at most, a year or two, in an institution.

And, according to a bulletin the Child Welfare League of America published in 1941, "It is desirable that all children under six should be placed in foster homes, as well as children in need of permanent care, and those who require the individual attention, which is possible in a family group."

On the whole, your child is far more fortunate than were the children of your generation or your parents' generation. If *your* child should ever be in need of foster care, trained social workers who are skilled at their job of understanding and helping children would do their best to ensure that he got the kind of care *he* needed.

TALK RELIGION

at home

By John Brush

NO PARENT in all creation wants to deny that it is his solemn duty to hand on to his children the very best he knows. Even the birds and the animals, could they speak, would agree. The young bird goes out from under the parent-birds' care with most of his important habits formed. The elders have watched him through to the proper moment, and then he takes off to learn the rest by hard experience. Even the hard experience is the more successfully borne because of the parental heritage. But if we are speaking a little beyond our sure knowledge here, let us leave the birds to their nests, and consider the divinely ordered seat of human nurture—the godly home, the Christian home.

As a parent, I must give my child the best I have to give. I cannot teach him all my skills. I cannot transmit to him all my knowledge. He can hold only a little of the wisdom I have gained from the bumps and the crashes, the failures and the defeats, the victories and the hard-won satisfactions. He must one day go out to live by his own wisdom, get up from his own stumblings, and come by his own spiritual satisfactions. But until his father and mother let him go, their God-appointed privilege and duty is to plant within his soul all they possibly can of the best that God has given them.

Now, let us admit that much of the best will come by silent and unconscious influences. It is perfectly amazing what people get from us, and we from them. The happiness on your face on a dark morning can change another man's

whole day or week, and even life. I am writing these words deep in the woods, by a lake, far from cities and books. This very morning I arose early to go into the woods to look and listen for the birds. The hermit thrush held me spellbound for a long time. I remembered the hush in my father's voice as he used to tell us of the bird songs he loved. I was not old enough to share even a tenth of his enthusiasm. Baseball and swimming and other sports were where I lived then. But here I am, years after my father's passing, listening rapturously to the thrush, even as he did, and gratefully recalling the reverent enthusiasm he communicated to us for nature's beautiful things. Without knowing of his success, he was teaching me the precious art of quiet, expectant listening in field and forest.

MY MOTHER seldom spoke of religious things to us. But we knew where she lived in spirit, and hers too was the privilege of transmitting to us most effortlessly but most surely, a secret about the way into the holy of holies. She never lectured down to us. Children resent the direct face-to-face admonition. Let us understand each other at this point. The strong word of warning and reproof is very necessary at the right time and in the right spirit. But I wonder how many children have been turned sour for a happy Christian faith by the angry and ill-timed moralizings and the sharp and prolonged scoldings.

What, then, shall we as parents say directly to our children about the greatest and holiest things in life? This is not an easy question to answer. Let us say once more how very important is the whole atmosphere of the home and the whole bearing of our lives. How do we meet the daily strains? What is our attitude toward troublesome neighbors? What jokes do we tell? How do we as father and mother bring our wills together to make the necessary decisions? Do our children see us always at our best? Do we take time to play with them, and to enter into their enthusiasms?

If we are close to them in all their pleasures and pains, their friendships and their loyalties; then the way is clear for us to say whatever we will and know that our word will find entrance into their hearts and minds. The fertile ground is ploughed and harrowed and ready to receive the good seed and help the perfect growth into the full blade.

Most of us, we must confess, share in words very little of our deepest convictions. With closest friends, in their times of sore need, we do so share in part. We tell them then of the divine upholding power in which we have peacefully trusted. We tell them of how tender and strong is the Lord, our shepherd.

But strangely in the family we often find our tongues tied when we wish we might speak up for our Lord, and his claims and promises, and the wonder of the

Divine friendship. At least one of the reasons may be this: that in the circle where we give orders and reprimands, where we give free vent to our irony and our humor, and maybe to our temper, we find we have created an atmosphere in which the deep word on Christian faith would fall cold to the ground.

HOW SHALL we carry on our witness for Christ with our own children?

Sunday may offer our best opportunity. We have all been to church. At dinner, the service and the sermon can enter very naturally into the conversation. We can recall the good illustration the pastor used to make his main point, and perhaps add a story from our own experience which bears out the same point. We must not be unkindly critical of a poor sermon and, if we discuss it at all, we can find the best that was in it. Our children may be going through a period of very critical thinking, and we must help them to be fair and just, give them honest answers, and help them to look at life both critically and lovingly. The love of Christ must constrain our speech.

On the long walk of father and son, mother and daughter, or any other combination, a happy atmosphere is created in which we can share our highest thoughts and beliefs. Memorable moments around the campfire, with long silences, few but true words, and then a good-night prayer can mould Christian decision and life purpose readily. God's Spirit is clearly at work.

When our own children were in early adolescence, we found our regular Saturday evening family prayers just the right time and place for pressing home God's call. After supper we read from the Bible, conversed quietly about our life together with personal and family problems, and then on our knees asked God's blessing, each of us praying in turn. When parents arrange for such occasions and carry them through faithfully, the

question with which this article is concerned is practically answered.

Two warnings are necessary. One is that we must speak our words for Christ and the church when the atmosphere is right. By all means avoid trying to turn an unhappy or tense moment into an occasion for a sour preachment, especially to the extent of using God's name. The necessary discipline of a family is not our subject here and now. But as we help the church of Christ in leading our children through the channel of decision, we had better leave the preaching of repentance and of God's stern ways with sin to the pastor in the pulpit. Let us keep the associations perfectly happy, and avoid all sharp lectures about Tom's laziness or Mary's mild deceptions. We parents are not perfect. And we cannot drive our children into the church by repetitious and self-righteous sermonettes. The occasions of our Christian witness to our children must be happy oc-

casions. We must look forward with them to that supremely happy day when they make public confession of their Lord and Savior.

Who is good enough for this task? Yes, who? This witnessing for Christ is not the angels' appointed task. The preacher and the church-school teacher can do it in part. Yet the home is the perfect place, and ours is the splendid privilege.

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*By Wesner G. Fallow.



—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Develop an informal, friendly, "talkable" attitude toward religion with your children. Then you can more easily guide teen-agers in their religious quest.

It was the bane of her existence—
that little phrase:

“Season to Taste”

A Short Story by Virginia-Murrill Jeffries

EMILY SHRADER walked importantly down the short street from the neighborhood market past all the little white houses with their terraced lawns so carefully trimmed about the sidewalks, so nearly alike, but yet with a different door or odd-shaped roof to give them individuality, and came to her own little white house, the one with the green shutters. At first, just two months ago, she had had to look at the curtains or even inspect the house number over the door to be sure that she was entering her own house. But now it had become a part of her and it looked different from all other houses in the world because this was her home, hers and Jerry's.

Balancing her big brown paper sack in her arms she hurried just a little, for none of the other girls were out as yet. The children were taking naps, now, and their mothers probably dashing about doing as much as possible while there was less interruption. She loved to sit on the bottom step of the homes and talk to her friends while the small children played about in the yard, but today she didn't have time. Today was different. Today she was going to cook a real and a well-planned dinner . . . for a change, she added grimly.

She frowned and flushed slightly, recalling poor Jerry's trying to be patient with her efforts. Cooking didn't come easy to her. She knew now more than ever that some people were born with a special knack for getting meat brown and juicy and the gravy seasoned just so. They were the people who knew by instinct what was meant when a cookbook said to season to taste.

FOLLOWING A RECIPE where you had exact measurements and controlled oven sounded so simple

but just at the end were the catch words—season to taste. That was the secret, that was the *feeling* for food that could not be put in exact terms, that was where a cook had to be personal, and that was where she had failed, Emily reflected. No one could tell you exactly how to season food. You had to develop your own personal touch.

She had never cooked at home, except to make the salads, and occasionally make fudge or bake a cake. Those things she could do now. She made delightfully crisp salads. It was the meat and vegetables and hot breads that stumped her. Just the things, she reminded herself, that men thought were important. Just the things, she added forlornly, that were absolutely necessary. She saw a mental picture of Jerry sitting in the host's chair at their new maple dinette table eating the dry meat or the too bland vegetables, dumping salt and pepper over the creamed peas, filling up on the cold sliced bread from the bakery, and trying to be cheerful about it all. This picture was becoming more and more clearly impressed on her mind. In fact, it haunted her.

But she smiled gaily, shifted the heavy sack to the other arm, found her key, and entered her house. Today would be different. Today she was going to have a good dinner if it took all afternoon to prepare it. She was going to start with a good roast. She had enough experience to be able to count on a roast most of the time and today she was going to watch it like a dog. It had to be good.

She looked a little guilty as she

took a can of prepared beef gravy out of the grocery sack. Maybe that was cheating but the gravy was elusive. Something always happened to it and it never tasted brown and rich. Today she had to be sure.

She would have mashed potatoes. Anybody could fix mashed potatoes if she whipped and whipped them and then tasted and tasted them to get the salt right. Jerry loved carrots and peas with his roast. Today she would have none of the fancy dishes that she loved to fix. This was to be a man's meal. Meat and potatoes and salad and hot bread. She had weakened a little on the salad. She would have a mixed fruit salad with marshmallows and whipped cream dressing and a cherry on top, all nestled on crisp lettuce hearts. And hot bread! She had found frozen rolls which would be a cinch. Nothing to it. Just stick them in muffin tins and let them rise two or three hours.

She glanced at the little Dutch clock over the sink. Three o'clock. Jerry was always right on the dot at six. The bus he caught put him home at the same time every night, so she took the little frozen rolls out, put them in the muffin tins, set them on the stove where the pilot light kept the top warm, and covered them with a bright tea towel.

She then took a deep, happy breath and put on a green plastic apron and took the paper off the roast. There it lay, a beautiful red, little cream colored sections of fat running through it. She had practically threatened the butcher with dissertation if he didn't give

her a good roast today. She had to depend on him because he had some mysterious way of knowing whether meat would be tender or not when it was raw. She couldn't tell to save her life until it was all done and she took her first bite. And then if it was tough it was too late, and she had to face the grimly cheerful look on Jerry's face at dinner. She started to hum, and feeling very domestic, she decided that she might really like to cook if she got to be good at it.

At a quarter of six she took the roast out of the oven and saw that for once it was a rich, dark brown and juicy. Just to be sure she pulled a little piece out and tasted it. It was tender and just right. Then she put it on top of the stove and covered it up and turned the oven up for baking the rolls. They had risen more than she had counted on and she knew that they should be baked now. She decided, however, to wait until Jerry came in. While he was getting freshened up for dinner and she was getting the rest of the meal on the table, the rolls would just have time to bake and come out piping hot when they were ready to be served.

THE TABLE was set with her favorite luncheon cloth, a delicate yellow linen, and she had a bowl of fruit for a centerpiece. She added two candles and ran to the front door to see if Jerry was coming, although she knew that it was ten minutes too early. She ran to the bathroom, put on some powder, and brushed her hair. Back in the kitchen again she stirred the canned gravy in the little saucepan and peeped into the dripolator and saw that the water had all gone down. She lifted the tea towel and tried to decide whether or not to go ahead and bake the rolls. She believed that they had risen more than double their original size, but she decided to wait. Now at the front door again she looked for Jerry. Well, she could pour the water and put the salads on the table. The salads were beautiful with the whipped cream holding the fruit in a perfect



ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY TIMMINS.

It would take her entire afternoon, but for once she'd have a perfect meal for Jerry.

mound and the red cherry riding triumphantly on top.

She glanced at the clock again. Three minutes past six. She slipped off her apron and went out on the front steps to wait for Jerry. All of the mothers except Jane had gone in and were probably having dinner or putting babies to bed. Jane's husband ate dinner at four o'clock because he worked on a late shift and Jane was now all finished and sitting outside resting. She glanced across the driveway and waved at Emily.

"Hi, Jerry home yet?" she called.

"Huh-uh," Emily answered and drifted over and sat in the other steel chair on the grass. "I guess

he will be here any second now. I am having a grand meal tonight and I'm going to put the rolls in as soon as I see him turn the corner."

"Rolls? Getting good, aren't you?" Jane's eyes twinkled when she talked.

Emily laughed a little self-consciously. "Frozen ones, I'm afraid; they are foolproof."

"I haven't tried them," Jane said, "but I have a recipe that is so easy. Would you like to have it?"

"Oh, yes, and I want to learn to make good hot biscuits, too. I'm going to lick this cooking problem if it kills me. I believe that cooking good meals is the most impor-

tant thing you can do in keeping house, don't you?"

"Sure is, and it keeps the men happy." They both glanced up the street. "What time is he supposed to come?" Jane inquired.

"At six." Emily glanced at her watch. "Humm, it's ten after now. I wonder what could be keeping him? Could I hear my phone over here? I know he will call if anything is keeping him very long."

Jane looked at her in a patronizing but friendly way. "We are on the same party line, you know, dear. You can count the rings from my phone."

Emily blushed. "Oh, sure," she said and glanced anxiously up the street. "I wish I knew what to do about the rolls. I'm afraid they will rise too much. But I just know that he will turn the corner any minute now."

Jane looked at her carefully and grinned. "You are awfully sure of him, honey. But remember that the honeymoon can't last forever. Someday for the first time he will be late for dinner. And then he will be late more often and first thing you know you will have to put your foot down."

Emily was irritated with her. "Jerry is more considerate than that. He would call and let me know."

"How long have you been married, two or three months?" Jane was laughing inside.

"Two," Emily said apologetically and got up to leave. "I guess I'll go and put the rolls in now." She was glad to get away. The dough was dropping over the sides of the muffin tins and looked too light and full of air bubbles. She slipped the pan into the oven and closed the door. She lifted the lid and peeped at the roast. It would get cold and lose that fresh juicy flavor; so she turned the fire on very low under the pan to keep it hot. The potatoes had been whipped into a great mound of fluffiness and she had set the pan in a pan of hot water on the stove. She looked at them now. They were getting lighter and lighter. The butter on the carrots had cooled again, so she put the lid

back on the pan and decided to wait and warm them up at the last minute. The peas were all right but she put in a little extra salt.

SHE LOOKED at her watch and also at the Dutch clock over the sink. Both said a quarter of seven. What could have happened, she kept asking herself? Then she began to be uneasy. Something awful must have happened. Why, Jerry was never late for dinner without letting her know. She went to the front door again but saw no sign of him.

The dampness from the water glasses had made wet circles on the yellow luncheon cloth. The salads had begun to run a little and the dressing had circled around under the lettuce cups and looked messy on the salad plates. It was

Gray Skies

**The sun no longer shone for me
And skies were ashy-gray,
But with the broom of prayer I
swept**

The cloudbanks all away!

—INEZ CLARK THORSON

getting dusk outside and she turned on the dining-room light and two lamps in the living room. She could not sit still. She went to the kitchen and looked at the rolls. They had risen even more in the oven and she started to cry because she knew that they would be ruined. They were beginning to turn light brown but had overflowed the pans. She kept lifting the lids on the other pots, trying to decide how to keep the food hot without letting it burn, or overcook.

She kept making trips to the front door expecting him every minute. Then she looked at her wilted salads and she got mad. Jerry had no right to do this to her. It was hard enough to cook meals if you could serve them on time. She finally went outside and Jane called over.

"Isn't Jerry home yet?"

Jane and Martha were sitting on the steel chairs now. They were laughing. Emily walked over to them.

"I am getting mad now," she told them. "I know nothing has happened to him or I would have heard about it. I guess you must be right. He is beginning to think he can just drop in any old time for meals." Her voice broke and she added, "And I had such a good meal tonight. I tried so hard."

"We know just what you mean," Martha said with understanding. "Joe used to be late for meals, too, but I cured him. I just took all the food off the table and put it all away and when he did come in there wasn't anything fixed. He was so hungry, too. I told him right then that the meal was served at six o'clock and if he wasn't there to eat it I couldn't help it. I told him I wasn't going to sit around all evening after working all day, and try to keep a meal hot. I just laid the law down and it worked."

"Well, didn't you have to fix him some dinner, anyway?" Emily asked with a little awe. "You couldn't just let him go hungry."

"Couldn't I, though? I sat right on the front porch and he went into the kitchen and fried some eggs and drank some milk."

"But, but I couldn't stand to see Jerry go hungry," Emily wailed.

Jane and Martha gave each other knowing glances. "Two months it is," Jane told Martha.

EMILY BLUSHED, thankful for the darkness which was fast taking over. Lights were coming on in all the little houses like fireflies in a meadow. Dogs were barking and women were calling their tardy children to come inside. Some of the men were trimming the lawns and trying to finish by the light from the front porches. Everybody was home except Jerry. And his dinner would be ruined. And Emily was hungry herself. Oh, the rolls! She dashed into the house and took them out, overly browned and with the crusts too crisp. But they did smell good. She took one out, carefully bounced

(Continued on page 33.)

The Father With Fears

From William J. Murdock

I HOPE this is being read by a father who thinks his parental love is so heavily invested in his one child or several children that there is none left for another.

But perhaps there is no such man—not another such man, that is. It may be that I am, or was, the only man who ever possessed a streak of selfishness in such broad proportions. Perhaps other fathers do not dread the coming of another child lest it intrude upon the close and happy relationship already established between himself and the child or children he has. And yet, I think this may be a rather widespread human failing. I estimate myself as nothing more or less than human, and this fear has manifested itself twice in my life. Both times I have viewed the approach of the new baby with misgivings—not because I begrudged it life, but simply because, after all was said and done, I did resent its eruption into the tight and familiar pattern of our lives. And both times I have wondered, after the baby was not very many hours old, how I ever considered the pattern of our lives complete without the newcomer.

You would think I would have refused to entertain such fears and resentment, that I would never have forgotten the lesson that Pete, our oldest, taught me. He frightened me, even as he hovered on the outer fringes of humanity; and as he daily crept nearer to us he alarmed me more. He was coming to thrust his presence into two lives that had been happy without him, to burden us with his care and responsibility. Once he arrived, he needed only a few hours to convince me that I had been a rather timid fool.

But such is the brevity of memory, mine anyway, that five years later when Pete and I were fast friends, as well as son and father, and I learned that another baby was coming along, I was seized by the same old fear. Here was the interloper again, a trespasser despite his invitation, a being who must be accorded full membership in the association that we three had formed.

Anxious questions plagued me. How could we find room for this new one, in our hearts and in our lives? To give this new child our love would mean that much less for Pete who was entitled to all of it. Why should any one of us be forced to make room for a newcomer? Why must we distort our family unity to accommodate him?

Those fears and misgivings are, I suspect, neither revolutionary nor very new. I think that a jealous



—Monkmeyer.

—Pinney.

Pete soon taught me that in loving one child you do not lose affection for another—you just have more love to give.

and almost fierce desire to maintain the family unit just as it is, with no alterations in number, is only a common brand of selfishness.

And Johnny made me ashamed of mine. Like his older brother, he had been with us only a few hours when he made me realize how shabbily I had treated the very thought of him. He won me over in short order and his triumph has only increased in certainty with the years.

Johnny taught both me and Pete an important lesson. Anxious in my fumbling novitiate to be a good parent to my one son, I had told Pete that the new baby was to be as much his as it was his mother's and mine. I had assured him of the wonderfully good times we four would have, much more than when we were only three (and I remember how fervidly I wished I meant what I said). And now that Johnny was real and with us, Pete discovered, with me, that I took nothing from one child when I gave love and affection to another. There was simply more to give.

My wife Ruth knew these things all along, I think. I never mentioned my fears to her, in part because I did not want to upset her but principally because I was ashamed to own them. I still have not told her of them. But I am sure she sensed them, just as I am convinced she knew they were baseless.

SO JOHNNY carried on with the education Pete had begun on me. Surely, you'd think he taught me a few truths I would never forget about parenthood. I thought so, too. Then we learned there was another newcomer en route to our house.

'Round and 'round it went, the same old carrousel of niggardliness and selfishness. The lessons Johnny and Pete had taught me were forgotten, or if they were remembered they were discounted as being utterly inapplicable to this instance. The new baby

would disjoint the perfect union we had formed, cramp our lives, diminish the intimate influence each of us had on the others.

But when Susan Jane announced her membership in our family with a lusty squawl that night at the hospital, she might have been cheering her victory. For she set a record, requiring only a few minutes, time enough for me to see her for the first time, to deliver the knockout blow to my morbid fears.

She taught me nothing I had not already learned: she only gave me a refresher course in family philosophy.

And that is: The love of a parent for his children is not restricted as to number. Parental love commences with the first child. Thereafter it may be spread without losing its strength, for although newcomers may arrive to claim their just share, parental love is so flexible as to remain indivisible.

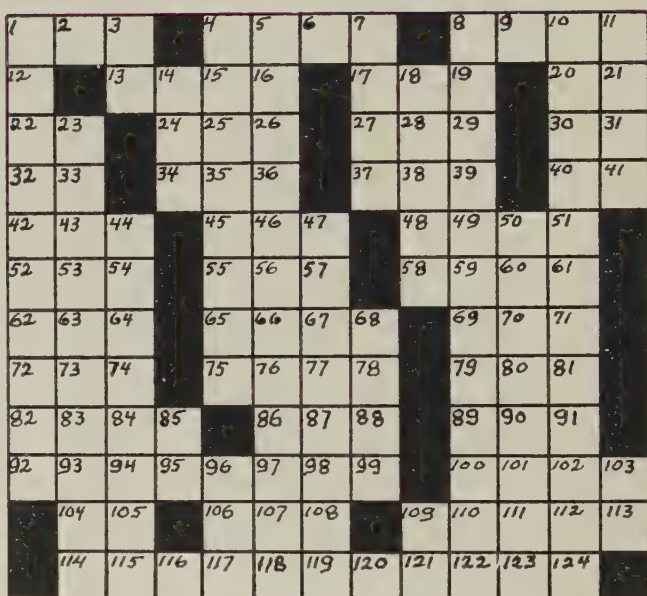
Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------|
| A. Bright; not dark or obscure ----- | 88 110 97 73 106 |
| B. Famous President who was born in February ----- | 30 1 8 25 49 46 27 4 14 63 |
| C. A slight coloring; a tinge ----- | 124 104 119 100 |
| D. People who steal or rob ----- | 37 68 31 95 15 122 58 |
| E. Thin narrow strip of wood ----- | 87 118 113 107 |
| F. How Christ told us to keep the Sabbath day ----- | 99 115 70 91 |
| G. A very prickly plant -- | 93 33 66 92 55 61 41 |
| H. Another President who was born in February ----- | 13 83 96 114 59 71 77 |
| I. Father ----- | 120 86 78 81 57 |
| J. What Jesus' crucifixion crown was made of-- | 44 85 28 111 123 103 |
| K. A natural land elevation, not as high as a mountain ----- | 101 102 53 36 |
| L. President Lincoln's birth date ----- | 24 82 16 54 109 72 51 |
| M. Time between one night and the next ----- | 64 79 74 |
| N. A small wild singing bird ----- | 89 56 43 60 112 38 |



- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| O. To stop; also to limp----- | 90 62 35 98 |
| P. Name of Tom Mix's horse ----- | 84 21 80 39 |
| Q. Twelfth part of a year ----- | 116 6 2 50 40 |
| R. To melt, as ice ----- | 32 9 52 65 |
| S. Soiled with mud ----- | 117 7 47 23 26 |
| T. One of the upright enclosing parts of a room ----- | 48 69 20 11 |
| U. An eager desire for something, as water -- | 12 18 76 22 105 17 |
| V. The first man God created ----- | 42 3 10 75 |
| W. Series of thoughts or images occurring during sleep ----- | 29 94 19 34 121 |
| X. High temperature; opposite of cold ----- | 5 108 45 67 |

(Solution on page 27.)

Your Child Learns About



—Earl G. Arnold.

A friendly feeling of belonging in the church is important in the children's experience.

The Church

By Hazel A. Lewis

A CHILD'S first association with the word "church" will depend upon his experiences. It may mean a mysterious something to which his parents go and leave him at home. It may be a place he visits on some special occasion—a place with the impression of vastness, many people, music, a feeling of wonder, perhaps even of discomfort. For many children the first place to which they are taken, other than to the homes of relatives or friends, is the church. The importance of this first experience can hardly be overestimated. The church may be doing all that it can to provide proper care and environment for young children, but only the parents can know the child well enough to know how he will respond to certain situations.

One young couple who had not been attending church service for several years wanted to return to it and felt the need of the church in their lives. They especially felt this because of their two-year-old son. They brought him to the church and placed him in

a church nursery which was in charge of a mature woman who seemed competent and probably was. But the room was crowded, there were several young babies and a number of toddlers. The room was difficult to ventilate or no one had time to attend to a little thing like air. When the young parents came to get their small son his face was flushed from over-excitement and he was on the verge of tears because of the confusion. As the mother put her arms about him she said, "I would not have had his first day at church like this, for anything in the world."

It is the *parents' responsibility* to make sure that there are adequate space and care and proper conditions in the place provided for little children. It is no good saying that "they" should provide these things, for the parents of little children are just as much "the church" as are the officers or the minister.

The first impression the church makes on your child is as important as the help and inspiration you get in a church school class or in a church service. A child

of eighteen months, who was being carried up the walk to the church door by his father, suddenly realized where he was going and beamed when he said "Church!" He had had a happy experience there once or twice before. So simple an experience as that may be the basis for real churchmanship in the years to come.

What are the experiences which lie between those first feelings about the church and the later years of membership in the church and identification with its life and work? What is the difference between the person who says "I was made to go to church when I was a child and now I do not want to go," and the one who says "I always went to church with my parents and it would not seem natural if I didn't go now"? Was it the lives of the parents that made the difference, or the early experiences in the church?

The child needs always to feel safe and secure. If he is absolutely sure that his mother and father will come for him, if he feels that the persons in charge of the group of little children in the church are friends of his parents and that they like him too, he can usually be left in the church nursery or in the two-year-old class, if the church provides them. A simple story about "Our Church," and a rhyme like this sung to simple music,

"Up, up, up the steps and to the church,

Down, down, down the steps
and home again,"¹

will prepare the child for going to the church and help him to relive these things after he has been there. Another story such as "John Went to the Nursery Group in the Church"² will prepare him for going on to the three-year-old group.

ALL MATERIAL for two- and three-year-old children should be in your hands for use in the home when the time seems most appropriate. It is not wise to be giving out leaflets week after week to two- and three-year-old children who may not attend regularly, and

¹Leaflet No. 1, *Christian Growth in the Home for Two- and Three-year-old Children*. Secured from the publishers of this magazine.

²Leaflet No. 24, same series.

have no suitable way of carrying these leaflets home. It is better to give them all to the parents. If the church does not do this you should ask for the material.

Experiences in the church are more important than stories about them but the stories do help to make the experiences more meaningful. "The Children Who Went to See Jesus,"³ "Something for Everyone,"⁴ and other stories of Jesus who was the Friend of children, and of God's love and care, give to the three-year-old child's experiences in the church a definitely religious meaning. It is no less religious for him to learn to share his blocks with other children than it is for him to think of the blocks as coming from the trees

Footprints

**The footprints that
Small animals
Leave in the snow at night,
Are bits of rare
Embroidery on
Earth's counterpane so white.**

—ADELYN JACKSON RICHARDS.

which are part of God's world. Both experiences of sharing and of giving thanks for blocks are associated with the church and are the beginning of the twofold relationship which the church member sustains: to other people and to God. When children "play church" at home they reveal their ideas about it. A child enjoys having his mother join in this kind of imaginative play.

A child should begin when he is quite young to say "my church." He is more likely to do this if parents speak of his going to the church instead of referring to his class or department. He should feel from the very beginning that he is at church. The child who hears his parents speak of "our church," and speak of the ministers and church leaders in friendly, appreciative ways is being introduced to the church in the best possible way.

³Leaflet No. 1, *Home Guidance in Religion*, secured from the publishers of this magazine.

⁴Leaflet No. 2, same series.

WHEN children are four and five years old and in the kindergarten class of the church school, they will probably begin exploration of the church building and will make the acquaintance of the people who work there.⁵ They will go outside to look at its windows, they will go to the minister's study and talk to him there or he will come to their room. All of these are interesting experiences but they will mean more if a child and his parents do a bit of exploring on their own.

If it is convenient to go to the church building during the week and to call on the minister, the child will get better opportunity for acquaintance with the church. "This is where Mother and Daddy go to their church school class," "This is the room you came to when you were very little," "Here is your room where you come on Sunday," "This is the primary department where you will come when you are six years old and go to school," "Here is big brother's room," all help the child to get the feeling of continuity in church life.

Even if your church is only a one-room building and simple in all its lines and furnishings, it looks very large and strange to a little child. To go with him into the church during the week when no one else is there, sit with him in one of the pews and talk quietly about the different things that take place in the church service will help him to get a feeling of familiarity with the church building and its meaning. To go to the church pulpit, look in the big Bible, sit in one of the big chairs gives him a sense of belonging.

It is this sense of belonging which is most important. There are undoubtedly people who are members of the church and yet never feel that they "belong." On the other hand, a child who is not yet a member of the church may have a sense of being part of its life. He will discover that there is a difference between his relationship as a child and actual membership in the church. The latter

⁵"Happy Times in Church," Kindergarten Graded Lessons. Part III. Spring Quarter.

will seem all the more desirable to him because of his happy experiences as a little child.

AS CHILDREN grow older and are in public school they become familiar with other institutions. For a time school seems the most important place in the world and what "teacher" says is the final authority. So much of a child's future depends upon his work in school that it is easy sometimes to forget that wisdom is as important as knowledge and that wisdom is of God. It is unfortunate that sometimes a child has less competent teaching in the church than he has in public school. This is not always true however and should not be accepted without investigation. There are teachers in the church who influence the child's life more than anyone else except his parents. Some of them are as competent as public school teachers; in fact, many of them have been teachers in the public school. Whatever the situation, conversation in the home about the church and the attitude of parents toward the church school will help a child to realize that the church is the most important place to which he goes outside his home. It is the responsibility of parents to see that the teaching staff of the church school is the best that it can be and constantly improving. Perhaps this will mean that parents who can give the time to preparation and training will themselves become members of the teaching staff.

It becomes increasingly clear to children that the church is more than a place and the people who happen to be there; it is more than the child's department room and what he does there. It is made up of persons who love God and who seek to follow his Son, Jesus Christ, and to carry out his work in the world. As the child's appreciation of Jesus grows, so will his understanding of the church, and the two will become so interrelated that each idea suggests the other. He has heard Bible stories of churches long ago that helped each other. He discovers ways in which his own church is at work. He hears "How the Story of Jesus was Shared,"⁶ and he begins to

find himself part of a cause and a purpose that in its outreach is far beyond anything else with which he is or will be identified. His offering to the church school is very much more than just money to be taken to his department as a matter of routine. It is one way in which he participates in the life and work of the church. If the church provides him with envelopes for his giving these can be part of the religious experiences in his home. If he knows that his family plans its giving to the church as part of its budget, if he sets aside part of his money for this purpose, the church becomes part of his life at home.

Ideas of the church (which up to this time has been his own church) become expanded to ideas of churches and ways in which they work together. He hears frequent references to "Our Church At Work,"⁷ in many ways and places. He discovers that his church and other churches of the same communion in many parts of the world are united in carrying on the Christian cause. He plays with children who attend other churches in his own community.⁸ Sometimes he is puzzled by difference in belief and practice. The parents face a difficult problem of helping him to understand some of these differences in ways which will deepen his appreciation of his own church without becoming antagonistic toward other churches.

Some children come to feel while they are as young as seven or eight years old that they would like to become members of the church.

⁶First-year Primary Graded Lessons, Winter Quarter.

⁷Second-year Primary Graded Lessons, Winter and Spring Quarters.

⁸Third-year Primary Graded Lessons, Fall Quarter.



"Isn't there some way we can put Jr. on a schedule where he sleeps at night and cries during the day?"

Parents can help these and all children to look forward eagerly to the time when they will make their confession of Christ as their personal Savior, without any feeling of being excluded from fellowship in the church until that time.

There are those who fear that unless a child has a definite emotional experience when he comes into the church, the experience will not have permanent value. The experience of many thousands of persons who are leaders in the church today is evidence that that is not true. This does not mean that the experience should not be a high point in the child's religious development. He should feel the importance of making his confession, look back always to that moment and the experience of baptism and his first partaking of the Lord's Supper as great moments. Most boys and girls of about eleven years of age will study a course on "Our Church,"⁹ which will include lessons on "What Is a Church?" and "When We Join the Church," "When We Are Baptized," and other aspects of church membership. It is a high privilege of parents to talk these things over with their children. Perhaps the boys and girls will be in a special class conducted by the minister. All that goes on in that class and in the church school should be the subject of conversation in the family.

EVERY CARE should be taken that the experience of baptism is made a spiritual one and not spoiled by much attention to physical details. The boy's father and the girl's mother should see to it that nothing mars the child's experience as he is prepared to enter the baptistry. The occasion of a child's entering into church membership could well be the time for a family celebration.

In the months that follow the young Christian should be helped to feel that his family is ready to help him fulfill the obligations of church membership and that they expect him to be worthy of this relationship. A child's joy in his church membership will be increased if he feels that his parents rejoice in it too.

⁹Third year Junior Graded Lessons, Winter Quarter.

WORSHIP IN THE FAMILY

with Young Children

Seeing Daily Riches

CHILDREN are capable of religious feeling before they are capable of religious thought. Almost from infancy a child knows when those he loves and imitates are themselves dependent on Someone still more loving, wise and wonderful. When children live in a home where religious thinking and feeling dominate the lives of the adults, they soon catch the attitude of trust and reverence.

In such an atmosphere, a child may be guided into beginning to give brief expressions of thanks for things he enjoys. His natural curiosity and inborn sense of wonder at things about him may be used as opportunities for expressing thanks to God for planning such a world.

The Bible is rich with expressions of thanksgiving for good things. Jesus frequently gave public expression of thanks to God for his love, provision and care. Paul followed Jesus' example of thanksgiving, more often expressing gratitude for persons rather than things. The other disciples did the same.

As children grow older, religious feeling and thought become welded into consciousness of God's presence. Because of their love for God and their friendship with him, they seek his help and guidance. Here again, there are many examples in the Bible of those who felt the need of asking God for wisdom, strength and aid.

Parents who would help their children to a satisfactory prayer life must themselves have a rich prayer life.

Invocation

O God, our spirits greet thy Spirit,
We hear thy voice in the lovely music,
We behold thee in all beauty,
We feel thy love in Christian fellowship,
We drink thy truth in the worship,
And thy Life renews our lives
Through Christ, the Way the Truth and the Life.
Amen.

—CHAUNCEY R. PIETY

The following verses of Scripture may be used as prayers with children or as examples of how others worded their praise or petition.

O give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name;
Make known his doings among the peoples.
Sing unto him, sing praises unto him;
Talk ye of all his marvellous works.

—1 Chronicles 16:8, 9.

Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord;
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving;

Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth;
The height of the mountains are his also.

The sea is his, and he made it;
And his hands formed the dry land.

Oh come, let us worship and bow down;
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker:

For he is our God,

And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

—Psalm 95:1-7.

Show me thy ways, O Lord;

Teach me thy paths.

Guide me in thy truth, and teach me.

—Psalm 25:4, 5.

Give thy servant therefore an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and evil.

—1 Kings 3:9.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.

—Psalm 51:10.

Table Grace

To God who gives us daily bread
A thankful song we raise
And pray that He who sends us food
Will fill our hearts with praise.

—ATTRIBUTED TO MARY RUMSEY

He Prayeth Best

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
For he hath offered to the Lord
Who giveth to his least.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—SAMUEL COLERIDGE

Lord, for Tomorrow and Its Needs

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for today.
Help me to labor earnestly,
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Father, today.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Father, today.
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Thro' all today.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Father, today.
Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord
Thro' each today. Amen.

—SIBYL F. PARTRIDGE
(Sister Mary Xavier)

On Praying

To say my prayers is not to pray
Unless I mean the words I say,
Unless I think to whom I speak
And with my heart his blessing seek.
Then let me, when I come to pray,
Not only heed the words I say,
But let me seek with earnest care
To have my thoughts go with my prayer.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Prayer for Strength

[A Litany]

There are times, O God,
When I need Your help.
Then I pray,
Give me strength, O God.

When I am playing or reading a book
And my mother calls me,
Give me strength to obey, O God.

When an accident has happened
For which I was to blame,
Give me strength to confess, O God.

When I have done wrong
And am tempted to hide it by telling a lie,
Give me strength to tell the truth, O God.

When I have grown tired of working
On something I have started to make,
Give me strength to finish it, O God.

When I have made a promise
To do something for a friend,
Give me strength to keep my promise, O God.

At these and other times,
I know You will help me.
So I pray,
Give me strength, O God.

—MABEL NIEDERMEYER MCCAW

May Jesus Christ Be Praised

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this th' eternal song,
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

—ANONYMOUS

INTAGLIO

—A Hobby Not a Disease



By Eleanor Head

INTAGLIO. Skip the "g" when you pronounce it and you'll say it about right! The word is Italian and it means to cut in or to carve. In English use, it generally indicates carving in which the design is cut down into the wood, linoleum, plaster, soap or other material, leaving part of the original flat surface intact. It is one of the simplest variations of carving, and well adapted to soft wood, particularly suitable for simple outline carving. This means a craft that anyone in the family can do, boys, girls, young people, mother, dad and grandparents. Completed work may be painted, varnished or waxed. Color may be added or not.

Materials are very inexpensive, consisting of soft wood and a carving tool. For beginners, balsa is ideal since it cuts as readily as soap. Soft pine is good too, especially that with slight grain, like sugar pine. Basswood, redwood, or other lightly grained soft wood is suitable. Lumber-yard scraps

will doubtless supply all you need. For most of the articles illustrated, wood one-half to one inch thick is practical.

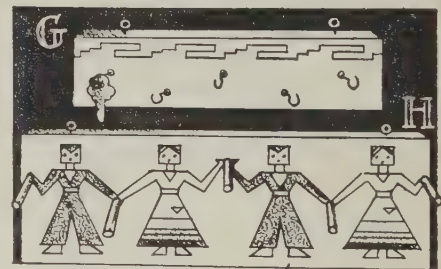
A woodcutting tool known as a gouge is used. This can be a V-gouge or a U-gouge, so called from the form of the cutting end. Some hardware stores stock woodcarving tools. Most art-supply or school-supply or hobby shops have them or can order them. But you can easily make your own, using pen points or umbrella ribs. Pen-point gouges are easiest to fix. Two or three sizes are advisable. Artist's crow-quill pens make tools that cut a narrow line. Ordinary spencerian steel writing pens make wider lines. All you need to do is stick the pen firmly into its own holder, *point* in. This leaves the small tubular end of a crow-quill, or the trough-like end of an ordinary pen extending out. Sharpen this end to a keen cutting edge by rubbing it on a steel nail file, or any heavier file.

For an umbrella-rib gouge, use a piece of rib about one and one-half inches long. A length of three-eighths or half-inch dowel stick becomes the handle. Or use a comparable stick of wood. In one end drill a hole one-half inch deep, of the correct size to take the rib. Insert rib, sharpen cutting end, and you have a small sized gouge, to be used alone or in connection with a wider pen-point gouge.

INTAGLIO ON WOOD produces any number of useful and attractively decorated objects. Among them are hot dish tiles, figures "A" and "B"; book ends, figure "C"; key board and tie rack, figures "G" and "H"; cookie molds, figure "D"; tray, "E,"

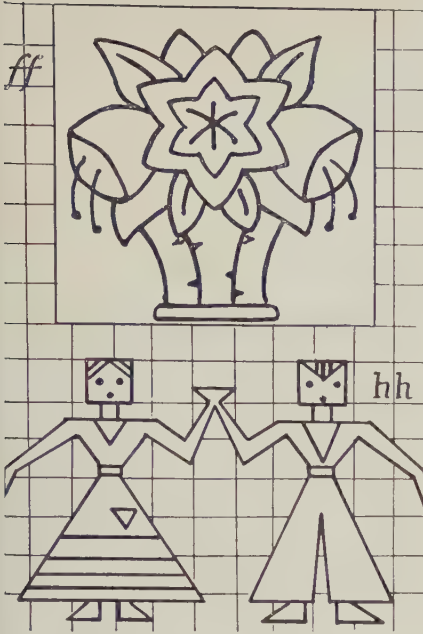
and magazine rack, "F," all illustrated. Articles not illustrated may include kitchen utensil board (like figure "G," but larger), coasters, boxes, calendar, thermometer or kitchen order-blank mounts, scrap basket and stationery and envelop holders, similar to figure "F," but smaller.

Designs are cut directly into the wood, by simply pushing the gouge along as in figure "I." This produces a groove in the wood, outlining the design. Beginners can invent or copy designs with straight lines, then guide the gouge against a six-inch metal-edged ruler. As the gouge becomes dull or the cutting edge nicked, sharpen again on a file. This is the secret of easy carving. When you carve across the grain, push the gouge more slowly and carefully. If the grain at any place is unusually hard, the point of a sharp pen-knife will help to break it down.



BEGIN WITH something simple, like a set of two or three hot dish tiles, which may measure from four to seven inches square. Or make book ends, composed of squares of similar size to which a thin wood, or a tin base is nailed. See figure "C." Saw wood to the correct size then sandpaper all rough edges.

On paper cut the size of whatever you plan to make, compose



an appropriate design. Snowflakes like those in "A" and "B" are effective and rather easy to carve, because you can guide the gouge with a ruler. See patterns "aa" and "bb." Copy a pattern carefully, then trace it to the wood. This may be left in natural color as the design is cut into it. Flat surfaces may be painted later. Or you can paint or stain the entire surface in some bright or dark color, then when it is dry, cut into it. This produces outlines of wood color against the flat painted background, as in designs "A" and "B." For transferring to natural wood, use carbon paper or black the back of the pattern with soft lead pencil. In transferring to darkstained or painted wood, rub the back of the paper pattern with colored pencil or crayon in contrasting color, or use white mimeograph carbon paper.

When the carving is completed, go over all of the grooving cut to make sure that it is of about equal depth. If any part is too shallow, carve it deeper. If you have made a mistake and cut in the wrong place, fill the hollow with plastic wood. Oil paint, enamel, wood stain or even water color can be used to enhance the decoration.

Color only a part of the surface, as the leaves of figure "C" or the flowers in "F." When paint is dry, varnish or wax the entire surface.

It is not necessary, however, to color any of the wood, since carving alone is attractive. The article can be varnished, waxed or oiled. For cookie molds, only wax or oil should be applied. Rub with salad oil on a soft cloth, or with melted paraffin on a cloth.

COOKIE MOLDS may need an explanation. They can be made in blocks of four (or six), or as single squares, all shown in figure "D." Each square should be a size suitable for a cookie, say three inches. Blocks should be separated by grooves cut with a gouge, as shown in figure "D." Then carve a design in each block, making the cut as deep and smooth as you can. When the mold, well floured, is pressed on rolled cookie dough, the design is impressed as a raised outline. Cut cookies apart with a knife, then bake. Designs can be made for all occasions, such as Christmas tree, wreath, Halloween cat or witch, and so on.

Key ring, "G," is a board six to ten inches long and three or four inches wide, with hooks screwed in. A somewhat larger board for kitchen utensils is very useful. Screw eyes into top for hanging. For a tie rack, drill holes and insert three-inch lengths of quarter-inch dowel stick.

The magazine rack, "F," is twelve inches by ten by six, and has darning-spool legs and rope handles knotted into holes bored with bit and brace. A carved tray bottom like "E" can be framed with molding or made to fit an old picture frame. Screw on handles. All of these carved articles make useful and welcome gifts.

To enlarge patterns "ff" or "hh," extend background squared lines across the designs. On plain



paper rule pencil lines one-half inch to one inch apart, depending on how great an enlargement is required. Cross lines with other lines to form squares. Copy the outlines in each square, enlarging them to fit the penciled squares. True the finished copy, then trace the wood.

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

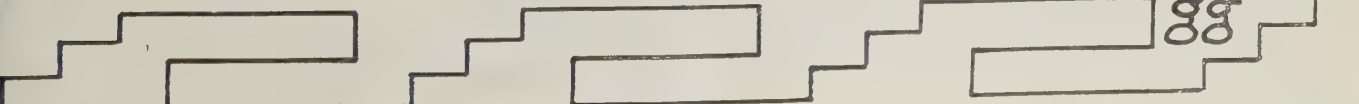
(See page 20.)

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment.

—Mark 12:30.

The Words

A Light	M Day
B Washington	N Thrush
C Tint	O Halt
D Thieves	P Tony
E Lath	Q Month
F Holy	R Thaw
G Thistle	S Muddy
H Lincoln	T Wall
I Daddy	U Thirst
J Thorns	V Adam
K Hill	W Dream
L Twelfth	X Heat



Here they are! More ideas for your family living

By Roberta Fleming Roesch

THE OTHER NIGHT around eight o'clock I stopped at a neighbor's house and found my neighbors deeply engrossed in a family reading night. Katherine, the mother, encouraged me to stay and participate, and I don't know when I've enjoyed two hours as much as I did that night.

"It was wonderful," I told Katherine, when the reading was put away. "Tell me how you got started on such a good idea."

"During the war," Katherine explained, "when nobody had much gas, and we liked it so much that ever since we've carried it on once a week."

Then she continued to tell me how every Tuesday night her family and friends get together for a two-hour reading stint. Her daughter is eight and her son is fifteen, but they always join in, too.

"For the first hour," Katherine said, "we try to suit their tastes by picking out reading that offers things to both children and adults. After an hour the children are excused, and we turn to just adult fare."

No one is the sole reader, Katherine went on to explain, and even the children who don't do too well participate for a while. The reading is always interspersed with discussions of what's been read, and everyone has so much to say the evening is full of pep.

I WENT home from Katherine's that Tuesday night impressed with the whole idea, so much impressed that since that time we've had reading nights ourselves. And it's an idea that you can use, too—any family can—for, whatever your family or group set-up is, there's a way to make it fit you.

If, for instance, your home includes just your husband and you, invite some neighbors or near-by friends to do adult reading with you.

Or, if you have grammar school children, plan a reading night in which you include the children for the first hour you read. For this first hour, select, of course, a book that will interest you all. Something, we'll say, like a Mark Twain tale should please everyone for a while. By all means, include your children from six years old on up, for even though they miss a few things, they'll get much that's worth while to them. Imaginations will start to work, and the youngsters will gradually learn the wonderful pleasure of listening to someone read out loud. And, in addition, the fellowship offers a good background and often is long remembered after a child grows up.

Maybe your children attend high school and, if this is the case, you needn't step down too many steps in order to suit their tastes. But to keep their interest make it a point to include along with your fare something that is planned especially because it is what they like. High school people usually like good biography and books of this type will appeal to them and also interest you.

Perhaps your family group is mixed and, along with your husband and you, you have a wide range of children and a grandma and great aunt, too. Instead of offering handicaps this gives you a wonderful chance to explore all kinds of reading you might otherwise neglect. For in order to satisfy this group you'll find yourself reading things that skip around the whole wide range of the wonderful world of books.

This mixed family group is what we have for the reading nights at our house, and since we've been reading once a week, we've picked up the following points:

1. If possible, make the group fairly large by supplementing the family with neighbors or friends.

2. Let everyone participate in the reading. Bear with those who do not read well while you harbor

Let's Have a

FAMILY READING

Night

the hope that they will catch on to this fact and try to improve their technique.

3. In order to be sure people will not feel this way about you, try to improve your oral reading technique by reading out loud when you are alone. Listen critically to your voice while you read, and if you think it leaves a bit to be desired, borrow a book on good speech from your local library and do the things for voice improvement suggested in that.

4. Like the Parkers, intersperse the evening's reading with discussions, and always end the two-hours' reading with a good talking bout. This breaks up the sameness of having one thing go on for too long.

5. While this final talking bout is in full swing, serve some simple refreshments. Coffee and cheese and crackers are a perfect snack to add a little extra touch to the end of the evening.

6. Have a warm, cozy arrangement for reading in your living room. One bright light by the chair in which the reader sits is a necessity, but keep the other lights less bright. A good conversational lighting for the room as a whole is the thing to strive for. If you have a fireplace, make use of it during the seasonable times of the year.

7. Whenever possible, contribute fascinating stories about the authors of the things you are reading. This brings the reading closer somehow and usually gets you off to a more interesting start.

8. Before you begin your reading nights, get your whole group together and, with the help of everyone, make out a planned reading program for a two- or three-month period. For the most part, pick out the type of thing that people are always wanting to read but never getting the time to do, though picking out this sort of things doesn't mean that it isn't perfectly satisfactory to sandwich in some Erle Stanley Gardner or Dorothy Sayers just for the fun of it now and then.

This brings us to the point of making up a balanced literary diet



—Monkmeyer.

—Carew.

For one hour or longer read material to suit younger family members, letting each have a turn at reading.

when you plan your reading program. Do—for the joy it will bring you—include poetry, fiction, biography, plays, history, arts and sciences essays by such writers as Emerson and Montaigne, and humor by people like Stephen Leacock.

That is what we do when we plan our reading programs, and our list may help you get a start on yours. Naturally, though, there's no such thing as a list everyone wants to follow, but this one—the Parkers and we both found out—interests all kinds of tastes.

Grammar School Children and Adults: Stevenson; Mark Twain; Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women* and *Little Men*; Aesop's Fables; stories from the Bible—especially Ernest Sutherland Bates's *The Bible, Designed to Be Read as Living Literature*; Lewis Carroll; Dickens; Washington Irving; A. A. Milne; James M. Barrie.

High School People and Adults: Edward Bok's *The Americanization of Edward Bok*; Joseph Conrad; Kipling; Sir Walter

Scott; Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones*; Edgar Allan Poe; Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes*; John Masfield.

Adults (Prose): Charlotte and Emily Bronte; Willa Cather; Victor Hugo; John Dos Passos; F. Scott Fitzgerald; Alexandre Dumas; Galsworthy; John Gunther; A. Schweitzer; Sholem Asch; Katherine Mansfield; Somerset Maugham; E. Stanley Jones; Shakespeare; George Bernard Shaw; Dorothy Canfield Fisher; Lloyd Douglas; Leo Tolstoy; T. H. Lawrence; H. G. Wells; Santayana; Aldous Huxley; Sherwood Anderson; Emerson Montaigne; Stephen Leacock.

Adults (Poetry): Emily Dickinson; Robert Frost; Stephen Vincent Benet; Edna St. Vincent Millay; Keats; Shelley; Wordsworth; Tennyson; Sandburg; Browning; Swinburne.

The above—as the Parkers and we have discovered—makes for a long-term diet, but it's really wonderful, bite by bite, for family reading nights!

In Daddy's Boots

By Eleanor Hammond

YOU'LL need some boots when it begins to snow," Grandmother told Michael soon after he came to visit at the farm.

Michael had not brought along his last-year's galoshes. His feet had grown since last year and the galoshes would not fit any more.

"We'll order you some boots from the mail order catalogue," Grandmother said.

So Grandmother and Michael studied the pictures in the catalogue and picked out some fine-looking boots with black tops and red soles. Michael thought how fine it would be to wear boots like that with black tops and red soles. Grandmother made out the order and bought a money order from the mail carrier and the mail carrier took the letter away in his car.

Michael and Grandmother waited. Michael watched the gray sky. It looked as if it were going to snow very soon.

"I hope my new boots get here before it snows," Michael said.

But the little white flakes began to flutter down through the bare trees—and the new boots had not come. Michael wanted to go out and play in the new snow.

"There are some old boots in the attic," Grandmother said. "But I'm afraid they are too big for you. They were your daddy's once—and he was bigger than you are now."

Michael thought he would like to try the boots anyhow. He climbed up to the attic and found them. The boots did look pretty big for a pretty small boy. Michael pulled them. They came above his knees. His feet slithered around in the boots in a funny way.

Michael started downstairs in the big boots. He almost tumbled over the too-big toes.

When he reached the kitchen Grandmother laughed. "I'll grow into them," Michael said.

"But not this winter, I'm afraid," Grandmother said.

Michael very much wanted to go out and play in the new snow.

"I'll stuff some newspaper in the toes. Then the boots will stay on," he said.

"All right. You may try it," Grandmother agreed.

Michael stuffed some newspaper into the toes of the big boots. The boots did not slither quite so

much. He stuffed in some more newspaper. The boots hardly slithered at all.

"Now I can go out and play in them," Michael said happily.

Grandmother said he might. Michael ran around the farmhouse making big footprints in the new snow. "Just like Daddy's footprints," Michael thought. He felt proud that he could make footprints so big and grand.

"I guess I'll go over and play with Jim and Mary Ann," Michael thought. "I'll show them my great big boots and what fine footprints they make in the snow."

He started toward the road. Jim and Mary Ann lived on the next farm. But the next farm was not very close. Michael tramp-tramped along the side of the road through the soft new snow, making big daddy-footprints. His legs began to grow tired. His feet sank into the snow at every step. It was a lot harder than walking on dry ground just in shoes. Michael stopped to get his breath.

He was glad when he reached the gate of the next farm. He was glad to go indoors and play in the warm kitchen with Jim and Mary Ann. They played all afternoon there.

Finally Michael knew it was time to start back to Grandmother's. He pulled on the big boots and said "Good-bye" to Jim and Mary Ann.

"I'll take the short cut across the hill back instead of going the long way on the road," Michael thought. "Then I'll get home quicker." It was nearly supper-time and Grandmother would be looking for him.

Tramp-tramp-tramp, Michael went making big footprints in the snow up the hill. The little shortcut path was covered with new snow so Michael could not find it. It went this way, though. Michael felt sure of that. Tramp-tramp-tramp. The big boots seemed clumsier at each uphill step.

Oh, dear! Where was that path? And where was Grandmother's house? The house ought to be in sight now—but it was not.

Michael looked around. There was no house anywhere. There was no road—nothing but hummocky hills of snow and bare trees.

Goodness! The more Michael looked around the less he knew which way to go to get to Grandmother's. Suddenly he felt the snow was falling again, making a flaky white curtain all around him.

(Continued on page 42.)

Dick Angora-Cat

Gets in Trouble

Cousin Tom lends a hand to help a spunky young friend

Cousin Tom, the old bachelor cat, opened one big, yellow eye—but hold on! I have not told you why he is called a bachelor cat. Well, it is because he has never married and had a wife cat and soft, purry kittens like most men cats. So Cousin Tom is a bachelor cat and lives alone in a three-room house at the back of the red barn on the Smith farm.

Just like I said, Cousin Tom opened one big, yellow eye and looked around in a sleepy way, and said to himself, “I thought somebody tickled my nose, but there is no one here.” So he closed his eye and went back to sleep.

But he did not sleep long. He felt the tickle again. This time he opened both big, yellow eyes and asked, crossly, “Who tickled me?”

“I did. I tickled your nose twice,” said a very small voice.

“But who are you? Where are you? I don’t see you,” said Cousin Tom.

“Turn over on your back and look and you will see me,” replied the soft voice.

The big, black, bachelor (can you say that real fast “big, black, bachelor”?) cat turned over on his back with all four paws sticking right up in the air. Oh, he felt silly, I can tell you! And whoever tickled his nose must have thought he looked silly because there came the tinkliest little laugh you ever heard.

Cousin Tom laughed, too. He felt silly, but he felt good, and he waved his feet around and shook his head back and forth just as he used to do many years ago as a kitten. Finally, he looked up and saw a sunbeam on the ceiling.

“Did you tickle my nose, Susan Sunbeam?” he asked.

“Yes, I did, Cousin Tom. It is time to get up, and besides, somebody is in bad trouble and needs your help.”

“Well, then, I am glad you did tickle me. If anybody is in trouble I want to help him.” And the bachelor cat turned over and stood up. First he stretched out his two front paws until he nearly fell out the front door, then he stretched out his two back paws so far he knocked over the floor lamp. His grandfather had taught him to do this. I mean to stretch out his paws, not to knock over the floor lamp! His grandfather had been a doctor cat and he knew that a little exercise every morning is a good thing.

After Cousin Tom had set up the lamp he sat down and curled his tail around him and said to

Susan Sunbeam, “Now, do tell me about this trouble and who is in it.”

“It’s that new Angora cat boy who has just moved into the old Perkins’ house. He got up very early this morning and started to chase the new bird children at Mrs. Robin Redbreast’s home, and now he is in jail. The Blue-Jay policemen put him there. And he is crying like his heart would break.”

“That Dick Angora-Cat is a naughty boy and I think he needs a lesson like this,” answered Cousin Tom, “but I suppose he is scared. I’ll go down to the jail and see if I can get him out.”

“Oh, thank you, Cousin Tom,” cried Susan, and she ran out the window and danced away.

Before he started out, the old bachelor cat looked through the little window in his front door to see what kind of day it was. He knew it must be a fair day or Susan Sunbeam’s mother would never have let her go out. You can always be sure it is a good day when you see Susan Sunbeam and her sisters. But Cousin Tom saw that it was more than a nice day, it was a lippy-de-roo day. Do you know what a lippy-de-roo day is? A lippy-de-roo day is all sunshiny, and not too hot and not too cold, and a little breeze on your face, and it makes you feel like running and dancing and being kind to everybody.

While he was looking through the window the bachelor cat saw Patience Poodle, his housekeeper coming, and he ran to get dressed. He hurried so fast that he was done and ready to open the door when Patience rang the bell.

“Oh, Cousin Tom, it is a lippy-de-roo day,” said the little housekeeper dog as she took off her sun-bonnet.

“You are right Patience Poodle,” agreed Cousin Tom. “I feel like a good breakfast of catnip pancakes with apple syrup. And while you get my meal ready I am going to step down to the jail for a minute.”

“To the jail!” cried Mrs. Poodle. “Do you mean the German Shepherd Police Dog’s jail?”

“No, just the little jail kept by the Bluejays,” replied the cat gentleman, and he put on his bright red derby hat and stepped out.

Cousin Tom took the short cut through the big meadow and soon came to the hollow log jail. Long before he got there he could hear Dicky Angora meowing and crying. A big Bluejay policeman sat on one

By Glenn H. Asquith

end of the log, and another Bluejay policeman sat on the other end of the log. Whenever Dicky would think it was safe and stick his pink nose out the Bluejay on that end of the log would give him a warning peck—oh, not a real hard peck, but just enough to make Dicky pull his head in and cry.

Cousin Tom stood in the grass for a moment, and the Bluejay policemen could not see him. He was thinking hard as to what to do. Finally, at last, and not very long either he stopped scratching his head and put his red derby hat on again, and parted the grass with his crooked walking cane and walked slowly toward the log jail.

One of the Bluejay policemen saw the bachelor cat out of the corner of one eye, and he chirped to the other Bluejay, "Here's another one, here's another one. What will we do, what will we do?"

Cousin Tom asked, "Another what Benny Bluejay?"

"Oh, it is you, Cousin Tom," said the Bluejay, "I thought it was another naughty boy cat come to worry Mrs. Robin."

"Ho, ho," laughed the cat gentleman, "your grandfather used to have trouble with me before I learned how bad it was to chase little birds. But you do not have to worry now. I have just come to see if I can do anything for poor Dicky."

As he talked, Cousin Tom walked to one end of the log and sat down. Benny Bluejay came and sat beside his brother Berty Bluejay, and the three began to tell each other about what a lippy-de-roo day it was. And Cousin Tom began to tell about the lippy-de-roo day when their grandfather Basil Bluejay found him climbing a tree where Mrs. Song Sparrow had her nest, and how Grandfather Basil had scared him so that he had fallen ker-plunk right into a rose bush with all the stickers. "Ouch," cried the bachelor cat, "I can feel those stickers yet. I ran home to my mother making such a noise that Mr. and Mrs. Jack Rabbit heard me and thought I was a fire-engine. They moved all their chairs and tables and dishes out of the house because they thought there was a fire."

Benny laughed and laughed. Berty laughed and laughed. And Cousin Tom laughed and laughed. Pretty soon, almost right away after that, the old cat cousin said that he had to get along home to his breakfast. And Benny said that he had to get back to his end of the log. So they said goodbye very politely.

Cousin Tom had not gone far into the grass in the meadow when he heard a teary little voice. "Who's that?" asked Cousin Tom.

"It's me, Cousin Tom," and Dicky Angora-Cat came out of his hiding place. "I want to thank you ever so much for getting both Bluejay policemen to one end of the log so I could get away. I'll do something for you any time I can to pay you back. But I am not bright enough to help people like you are."

"Do you really want to let me know that you are thankful?" asked the bachelor cousin.

Playing Outdoors

By Jessie B. Carlson

JANE got her warm snowsuit out of the closet. She spread it out on the floor. She put her feet into the legs of the snowsuit. She pushed and pushed with her feet until they came through the legs. Jane stood up and put her arms into the sleeves.

"Mother," she called, "my snowsuit is on."

Mother came into the room. "Good," said Mother. "I'll help with the buttons."

"Now I'm ready to go out," Jane said.

Mother and Jane got the tricycle out of the closet. They opened the door and went down the steps.

Jane began riding up and down the sidewalk. She heard someone behind her. She looked around and saw Billy in his warm blue coat. He was pulling his wagon.

"Watch how fast I can ride, Billy," said Jane.

She pushed hard on the pedal with one foot. She pushed hard on the pedal with the other foot. The wheels of her tricycle went round and round.

Sally came out of her house wearing warm slacks and a red sweater. She was pushing her doll buggy.

"Let's make a train," said Billy.

"All right," said Jane.

"All right," said Sally.

"Choo-choo-choo," said Billy as he pulled his wagon.

"Choo-choo-choo," said Jane as she pushed hard on the pedals of her tricycle.

"Choo-choo-choo," said Sally as she pushed her doll buggy down the street.

"Playing train is fun," said Billy. "Toot-toot-toot!"

"Oh, yes sir, yes indeed," answered Dicky.

"Then promise me you will never, never, or at least hardly ever chase another little bird."

"I promise, Cousin Tom. And I meant no harm. It was a lippy-de-roo day, and I thought it was fun to make them hop so fast."

"All right, Dicky, since you are going to be a good cat boy, I wonder if you would like a nice breakfast of catnip pancakes and apple syrup?"

"Catnip pancakes AND apple syrup? Oh, hurry," Cousin Tom, and Dicky pulled the old bachelor cat along so fast that he was quite out of breath when he got home and had to sit down in a chair and fan himself with a sunflower leaf fan.

Patience Poodle was quite put out with her old friend. "At your age, Cousin Tom, running like that!" she said.

"I-I-I," stuttered Cousin Tom, and then his purring machine started because he smelled the pancakes, and he did not say another word.

"Season to Taste"

(From page 18.)

it about in her fingers to keep from burning them, and then opened it and put some butter inside. It wasn't the best roll she had ever eaten because it was so light it was coarse but she ate it and felt better.

She was suddenly ravenous. She got a plate and cut a piece of the roast which had dried out too much and poured some gravy over it and filled her plate with the other vegetables and sat forlornly on the kitchen stool and ate rapidly. She didn't want her salad. By now she couldn't stand to think of looking at it. She swallowed some coffee. With the food in her stomach she could stop crying and think better.

She thought of Jerry. Jerry had been a grown man with a responsible job when he married her. He didn't have to marry. He could have stayed at a men's club and had his meals whenever he liked. He could have been free to come and go as he wished. But he had married her because they loved each other and they had something fine and good and grown up between them. They respected each other as adults and they discussed their problems as adults. She could ruin all that now by acting like a child. Jerry was late. The dinner was ruined. But she glanced at the stove and on into the dining room. What was one dinner more or less? Jerry had eaten other meals which were not satisfactory and had not complained. Surely she could not complain at his failure when she had made so many. Maybe if they were patient with each other they could work it out.

SHE WONDERED if making a home was not something like cooking. There could not be rules for all of it. You had to acquire a feeling for the vital things, the things that made the difference between just a clean, well-kept home and the extra something that made a real home. It might be like the intangible seasoning of food.

Then she heard him coming in. A great wave of gratitude swept over her to know that he was at

home and that he was safe. He hurried into the kitchen, his face worried, his hair mussed, his eyes seeking hers.

"I'm so sorry, honey," he began. "I had no idea it was so late. I was out on the golf course with some of the boys and they wanted to play another nine holes and we had a good foursome going. I thought I would be through in time but I couldn't stop once we'd started and, of course, I couldn't call." He paused and glanced at her empty plate and at the stove and he was embarrassed and hovered there waiting to hear what she would say.

She smiled and went over to him. "I did have a wonderful dinner tonight and I got so hungry I couldn't wait any longer, so I went on and ate mine. I think it is ruined from the waiting but you should be used to meals like that by now. I bet you're starved after all that golf. Did you win?"

He didn't answer and she went on. "If you want to relax a minute I'll warm it up and get it on the table as soon as I can and I'll sit with you while you tell me about the game. I may eat some more. I think my appetite is improving."

She took the lid off the roast pan and saw that it was too brown and dried out. The potatoes had become so light they were dry. She was just turning the gas on under the gravy when Jerry reached her and turned her around and held her in his arms. She felt tears

on his face and she drew back and looked at him.

"What is it, Jerry?" she asked.

"If you only knew how I had worried all my life about getting married and having a wife nag at me for little things and for being late for meals. I didn't know that there was one in the world who would be a sport about something like this."

"You've been a good sport yourself, Jerry, trying to eat some of the stuff I've passed off as food."

"Jerry, I have an idea," Emily said planting her feet firmly on the new kitchen linoleum, her eyes twinkling. "For a few more months, just a very few, until I get to going better, why don't you play twenty-seven holes every day just before dinner?"

"Oh," he said laughingly, "I hardly think that would be necessary."

"You don't? Well, you must wait until you see my rolls." She picked the towel up and displayed them, crisp and brown and hanging over the edges. "They're frozen and foolproof they say, but look what I did to them!" They began to laugh. He helped her get the food on the table and lighted the candles. While they ate he told her about a three hundred yard drive he had made.

Then in the middle of it all he stopped abruptly and leaned around the burning candles and kissed her. "Darling," he said, "I think that you're the best cook in the world."

A Valentine Poem Puzzle

By Eleanor Hammond

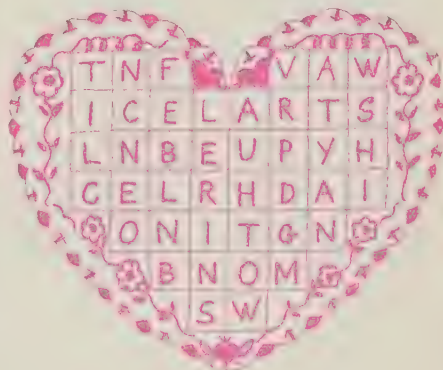
Valentine hearts will soon appear;
Lincoln's birthday's drawing near;
Washington's birthday comes
soon, too—

A month for parties, I think,
don't you?

Though there still is snow and ice
February is quite nice!

At least ten of the important words in the rhyme can be found on the puzzle valentine. Begin spelling each word in any square you choose. Then move from that square to another square that *touches* it. You may move up, down, right, left or cornerwise—

but you must not skip over squares.
Now find the ten words!



Family Counselors

Question: We take our children regularly to Sunday Church School, but we are wondering how much more we should do to help in their church school work?

Answer: I believe we parents have a responsibility beyond mere attendance at church school in working with the child in the preparation of each lesson, and in relating that lesson to his everyday life. No teacher can know his problems or his environment so intimately as his parents, and so if the lesson is to become a vital part of his Christian living, we parents must take up where the teacher stops. We have found infinite possibilities for discussion, prayer, and dedication in setting aside one evening a week for the preparation of the children's lessons. Incidentally, if you are wondering how to make a change from the regular books of family devotions, and are interested in an informal type of family worship, patterned to fit your own needs, this is an excellent way to begin.

E. N. J.

Question: We say bedtime prayers and grace before meals with our four-year-old, but do not feel they mean anything to him. Can a child of four really worship, and if so, how can we parents help?

Answer: Indeed a tot of four does worship, but usually it is only a fleeting moment of wonder at something beautiful, or a spontaneous feeling of gratitude, or a sincere, but momentary, desire to be good. Because real worship is so brief at this age, prayers which must be learned and recited are of doubtful value, except to suggest ideas. More important than the words used is the attitude of worship which the child sees and feels in his parents. As he sees you sincerely worship, he will instinctively worship too.

If you would lead your little boy into experiences of worship, take him outdoors and show him the lovely flowers. Let him watch a mother bird feeding her baby, or a mother cat washing her kitten. Let him feel the wind, smell the rain, and listen to the thunder. Let him see the stars and watch a sunrise. Let him hear the "song" of a cricket. If you lead him to realize God made all these, he will truly wonder and worship.

Teach him to know the bliss of a cool bath on a warm day, of a simple lunch when he is hungry, and the contentment in a story by Daddy at bedtime, and he will be grateful to God if you tell him God planned such joys. He will worship to the extent that you guide and lead him, and believe me, as he worships, you too will feel God near.

E. N. J.

Question: My husband never compliments me on anything. He is always finding fault with what I do. It isn't that he is mean about it. I guess he is just a perfectionist and can't help it. But I do wish that occasionally he would tell me that the dinner is good or that I look lovely. What can I do?

Answer: Well, you remind me of Carlyle's wife. He had just said to her, "You don't want to be praised for doing your duty," to which she very naturally and winsomely replied, "I do, though." And her reply was justified. You, too, have a right to be appreciated. Many an unhappy situation could be saved if we just learned to express our gratitude.

Now as to what you can do. There are several things. Let us begin with you. Are you as grateful as you should be? Do you tell your husband how wonderful he is? Do you thank him several times for taking you to a concert or for some other little act of

kindness around home? First make sure that you take every available opportunity to express to him your own appreciation of all he does for you.

Next, on a birthday or anniversary or just any day, announce the fact that you are going to try to prepare a dinner of the things he likes best. Make quite an occasion of it. Put candles on the table. Get out your best silver and dishes. Look your best and of course have the best things to eat. Make a real party out of it. As you pass him each item recall the first time he told you how much he liked that particular dish. Don't hesitate to ask him in your most coy fashion, "Do you still like it?" And if he replies, "Yes, but this sure isn't as good as my mother used to make," don't look or act hurt. In short, make a show of trying to please and if you have any originality in using your feminine charm (which all women do) he won't be able forever to resist some word of thanks.

Do you have a devotional period together? If not, then institute one. Some couples begin the day by clasping hands and speaking aloud several things about each other for which they are particularly grateful. Their testimony is that days so begun have far more of the joy and zest of living than days when they omit this act. If you sincerely speak your own gratitude, even though your husband may refrain for a time, I believe that he will finally follow your example or at least comment about your always being so grateful which should open the way for a frank discussion of this most important aid to happy marital living.

L. R. S.

Question: Our daughter, age twelve, insists she is going to be a movie actress and spends hours posing, making up, reading movie

magazines, etc. How can I discourage her?

Answer: When you were an early teen-age girl, didn't you dream of being a glamorous actress or a famous dancer? It's a phase of development, just as a pre-school child is apt to be an individualist, and a junior age boy is usually noisy and boisterous. But we accomplish more, I think, by building on the good things of such phases, rather than by going against nature to combat them.

In this particular case, try showing her all that goes into making a good actress—the training in dramatics and language and diction; the voice training; the knowledge of make-up and hair-styling and good grooming that are necessary to good character portrayal; the exercise and sleep and correct diet for good health that is basic to beauty; the study of classic plays, etc. Suggest to her that she join her school and church dramatic clubs for experience, that she read biographies of great actresses for understanding, and that she begin her study of language and diction. She'll be happy that you take her seriously and are helping her, and you'll be happy at her interest in worth-while things. Before too many weeks she'll decide she wants to be a famous woman doctor and you can start all over again. It is fun to be a parent.

E. N. J.

Question: Although the services at our church are most worshipful and the preaching is excellent, our son who is eleven does not have any interest in them and rebels at church attendance. My question is not "Shall I make him go?" But "How can I help him to enjoy going?"

Answer: Let me tell you what one family did. They asked the cooperation of the pastor, and secured from him early in the week his text for the next Sunday, his sermon topic, and the numbers of his hymns. At the dinner table, or when the family was together during the week, they talked about the sermon topic and text, and decided what they would say if they were preaching the ser-

mon. They looked up the hymns for further insight into the service-to-come, and perhaps sang them or played them. They tried to decide what Scripture passage they would use. During the actual service they all listened intently to see how close their ideas were to the ideas of the minister. At Sunday dinner they shared their conclusions. Sometimes they talked it over with the minister. That boy became vitally interested in the church service, so did his parents, and what is equally important, they had another basis for family sharing and a new common interest.

E. N. J.

Question: I have two little boys, one is ten and the other one eight. They have always been very fine children but today I learned they have been dramatically lying to me.

I always went to Sunday school when I was a girl. Therefore, I felt that my children should have the same training. I have been sending them with a friend who offered to come for them and place them in the proper classes. Each week they have shown more interest in Sunday school and can hardly wait for time to start from home.

I called the lady who had taken them, to express my gratitude. She was amazed and explained that to her knowledge the children had not attended more than one or two Sundays.

Last Sunday when the children started for Sunday school, I followed them. They went directly to the church. They were inside only long enough to come out with

lesson leaflets. Then they went uptown window shopping until time for church to be over. I managed to beat them home.

It hurts so much to think of my children deceiving me. I feel I have failed completely. Please tell me how to punish them.

Answer: From your children's point of view your problem is not as serious as you are believing it to be. That which appears to be a major problem to you is only minor, but it does clearly point to the major.

Every child should be in Sunday school regularly. On the other hand, just because you enjoyed Sunday school as a child is not reason enough for sending your children. The deceit comes in the fact that you are demanding that your children do something you as a parent are not willing to do. One morning you had time to follow them all over town, otherwise you would not have known just what they were up to. Now, if you really want to solve the problem, surprise your children by going with them. Meet their teachers. Become so active yourself that you can prove to your children what genuine happiness you can gain from Sunday school today.

Then, mother, arrange a definite time for your children to go window shopping alone. They will be so surprised to know you are still one jump ahead of them that their admiration for you will overcome any tendency of deceit regarding attendance at church. Be grateful your children are leading you to closer fellowship and understanding of that which is right.

D. F.



Dorothy
Faust



Leslie R.
Smith



Elizabeth
N. Jones



Paul B.
Baum

Living on a Star

NANCY'S BRIGHT HAIR was spread on the pillow and her eyes were closed. But she wasn't asleep. She heard the stirring of the house below and felt all the hard, fast reality of it. She was lying there, holding back the moment when she'd have to be part of it for another day.

Behind her eyes she could pretend she was climbing an ivory curving stair above the room into the sky where nobody cared if you made up stories. Where the gold chain was hidden, and she could bring it secretly back to earth without anyone ever knowing it had been lost.

However, Aunt Judith's voice came right through her eyelids. "Nancy," it said, "time to get up, dear."

She felt the bed bend at the foot and opened her eyes to look at her aunt sitting there. The young woman was studying her with a gentle, anxious expression.

"Nancy," she began, "this is a brand new day. Let's forget all the yesterdays and start again. You won't make up any more long tales. You'll tell the truth no matter what. I can trust you. Isn't that right?"

Nancy couldn't answer. If she must begin a day with truth, she'd have to admit she would never forget the yesterdays. They were always stalking close to her. Even if she ran, they caught up to her. The only way she could escape them was in her "land of make-believe." And Aunt Judith disapproved of this.

Uncle Tim understood a little. He was the one who came after her and took her home with him. He'd seen the aftermath of the

flood waters, his brother's town almost swept away, the few survivors barely existing and not caring, the sorrow carved in faces and deep in eyes.

Nancy's lashes were suddenly wet. The woman leaned toward her and touched her small hand. "I don't mean to be unkind. You know I love you dearly. It's just that I have to teach you right from wrong. You realize that, don't you, honey?"

She was touched by the catch in her aunt's voice. She replied, "Of course, I do." And she seemed strangely older than her eight years.

NANCY reconsidered in the yard, however, as she tossed a ball. Aunt Judith believed things wrong that were really right. She didn't know how it felt to lose her parents in a flood. She didn't realize the great empty place inside of you. She didn't know how it was to be alone in the world and not truly belonging to anybody.

She was their little niece. They'd bring her up and be good to her. And she was thankful. Yet, it wasn't the same as her own mother and father.

Even after these past nine months of being with them, there was a vast difference. They were merely an aunt and uncle being charitable and doing what was right. Anyway, that was what she heard a neighbor say one day.

But she didn't mind. Not really. She was actually a princess in disguise. She lived on a star with her parents by night and just visited here in the daytime. And she could hear and see things that

were impossible to others—like the music of the moon, the pirouetting colors in the wind.

She threw the ball higher and more recklessly. Suddenly it hit the garage roof and wouldn't roll down. She could almost hear Aunt Judith, "What happens to all your balls, dear?" And herself, "I take them home to my star at night and forget to bring them back." Then her aunt, "Nancy! The truth please, dear."

But finally in reality it was Uncle Tim who spoke to her as she strolled from the house. "Don't tell me you're star-gazing in broad daylight!" he teased. "Or does our garage roof need fixing?"

She giggled and ran to him, grabbed his outstretched hand. She always felt closer to him, more at ease. Maybe because he resembled her dad.

"Or," he added, looking directly at her, "did your ball fly up there?"

Swift color streaked to the roots of her hair. "I—I guess so," she admitted.

"That's easy," he said. "We'll get the ladder and bring it down." Then gently, "You see, Nancy, how simple it is to tell the truth? It's the same if you break a dish or tear your dress or anything. Aunt Judith and I understand. We all make mistakes. You don't have to be afraid. . . ."

But she wasn't afraid. It was just that she couldn't bear confessing. It was bad enough to be poor little Nancy on charity, but to be a child that was forever doing things besides—foolish, stupid things!

By Adaline Scott

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SWISHER



"I'll always tell the truth," she cried, "if I can be your own little girl."

HER AUNT'S gold chain crossed her mind. All day she'd managed to keep it out of her thoughts until now, as she watched Uncle Tim climb to the eave.

What would they say to that? Wearing Aunt Judith's chain and losing it. She'd only meant to borrow it for an hour while she

was playing princess. But what would they think?

She could never tell them, that was certain, "I wanted to show it to my mother who lives on a star, and forgot to bring it back." Oh, no. She couldn't even say that. Not about the gold chain.

When Uncle Tim handed her the ball, he said, "Now then, let's

go to the house. Aunt Judith and I have something to talk over with you, Nancy."

Her heart paused and was suddenly so heavy it seemed to drag as she followed him. It could be only one thing—they found out. And it was worse because she hadn't explained.

She wished she'd been washed away in the flood, too. Then, perhaps, she'd really be living in the sky with her parents. Loneliness tightened around her and held her silent and unsmiling as they entered the kitchen.

Aunt Judith was sitting next to the table and indicated chairs for them, smiling. Nancy tilted uneasily on the edge of one.

Uncle Tim was the first to speak. He leaned forward. "Nancy, do you know what adoption means, adopting a child?"

She nodded, puzzled. "The people next door to us back home adopted a baby. He was their very own after that."

Aunt Judith said quietly, "We want to adopt you—for our very own."

Her eyes swung to the woman. "We've always longed for a little girl like you," she went on, "but you must be willing to have us, too. . . ."

NANCY couldn't speak at once. Her throat was too full of surprise, bewilderment, and, most of all, regret. Then finally, "B-but the chain—the gold chain. You'll change your mind about me when I tell you. . . ." Tears crowded the words back.

"Chain?" Aunt Judith echoed. "Oh, I found it on the stairs, dear. Did you drop it there?" Then gently, "I'll never change my mind, Nancy. We want you, very much."

The child sprang up and threw her arms around the young woman. "I—I'll always tell the truth," she sobbed, "if I can be your and Uncle Tim's own little girl."

She didn't see the look of warm understanding that passed between the man and woman. She only knew that to be wanted by them was more wonderful than being a princess. To belong to them was more beautiful than living on a star.

When a Child

Is SICK

By Mona Wyse Cole

THE CARE of a sick child is a challenge that at some time confronts all parents; a test of their ability to overcome their own fears, inexperience, lack of faith in God and in themselves. To accomplish this successfully is to grow in moral stature and human understanding. Whether it is a minor ailment, an accident or a serious illness, the situation is one that intelligent parents should, and can, meet with equanimity.

There are a few simple steps to take before any emergency arises which go far toward eliminating confusion and waste of valuable time. The most important is to procure the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of three good doctors interested in children. This information should head your phone list of "frequently-called" numbers, where even a stranger will see them if called upon to contact a physician in haste. If you are not too well acquainted in the community where you reside, reliable information may be obtained from the American Medical Association or the Superintendent of the local hospital. Either will be glad to assist you in making an intelligent choice of a physician. By all means, list three; one or another may be unavailable when the need arises. Obtain, *and study*, a booklet on First-Aid. Keep this in the medicine cabinet along with sterile gauze, cotton, iodine, disinfectant and adhesive tape. These items should always be on hand for an emergency.

Immediately following an accident or sudden illness, you may be excited or frightened—who isn't? But remember, no matter what your reaction may be, *don't show fear*. Keep cool. If you show fear, or even feel it, it will be reflected and magnified in the mind of the child, lowering his resistance and increasing your difficulties. Exercise your will power. You have nothing to fear, knowing that with God's help everything will in due time re-adjust itself. Meet this challenge promptly and quietly, conserving your strength for the work confronting you. What has happened is past. Wringing your hands and wailing gain you nothing. Call a physician if you feel it is serious, than apply first-aid. Get the child into bed and calm him as far as possible. When the doctor arrives, let *him* do the talking. He is not interested in "how it happened." He is here to repair the damage. He will ask for the information that he needs. Listen, and answer carefully and fully, giving him your complete attention. Write down his instructions. Follow them promptly and with accuracy. This is important.

With illness in the home there are bound to be a few re-adjustments. Try to accomplish them with as little visible effort as possible. The patient's happiness and comfort are all important to a quick, satisfactory recovery. To this end, clear the sick-room of photos and other non-essentials. Small things can appear annoying when constantly in one's line of vision. Put the medicine tray out of sight in an emptied drawer. It should not be displayed like an orchid: it is not a thing of beauty, only a hateful reminder of present conditions.

If you accept your child's illness calmly, he will be more likely to do so. Both of you may learn and grow by the experience. This is particularly true if you depend heavily on a Power beyond your own; a Source of strength that can see you through any ordeal.

Avoid persisting in asking the child "how he feels" or "where he hurts." He doesn't know. He is uncomfortable and foolish questions only increase his discomfort. Instead, tell him something funny to make him laugh and forget himself for the moment. Tell him about the robin you saw when you went out to the clothesline; how he was leaning backward, bracing himself on his tail, with the end of a large worm sticking out of his beak as he was trying to pull it out of the earth. The worm, unwary enough to have been caught, did not intend to be eaten and was wriggling mightily, trying to free himself from the robin's beak. When he succeeded, he quickly pulled backward into his hole throwing the angry robin off balance and nearly tipping him over. Only by a prodigious flapping of wings, was he saved from flopping in the dirt. With loud scolding he flew up in the maple tree, telling that worm, as well as the rest of the world, just what he thought of such actions!

If your child complains, instead of commiserating with him, suggest positive ideas. Keep the emphasis on recovery, not on present conditions. Try to get his mind on something else. Slip a fresh cool pillow on his bed. Smooth out that wrinkled sheet. Get him a glass of fresh water with a rose petal floating on the top. Yes, he can eat the rose petal if he so desires! Lower the window shade a bit if the sun is shining directly on his face.

If illness is the result of indiscretion or even direct disobedience, don't keep reminding the patient of it; by doing so you undermine his sense of security and may actually retard his recovery. Never allow him to feel that he is a burden in any way. It is better

to assure him that you are working with him to hasten his recovery, but that he must co-operate. It is as much a challenge for him as for you. Also that the sooner he is back to normal, the greater credit to you both. This will make the routine easier to follow. Don't argue about medicine; take it for granted that he will take it without fussing and he probably will, especially if it is to be followed by a "chaser." (This, of course, subject to the doctor's O.K.) The chaser can be a small glass of fruit juice; alternating orange, grape and pineapple or many other highly flavored ones that appeal. The element of surprise as to what it will be, helps to take his mind off the nasty dose. While the "surprise" is trivial, remember that small happenings loom large to a prisoner within four walls.

If possible, move the patient's bed in front of a window during the daylight hours. Whether you live in the city or the country, he will see things that he never noticed before. Even the roofs of buildings and the chimneys of a crowded urban area become castles and moats at sunset. Scatter bird seed within his line of vision. The small feathered folk will soon find it and come back each day seeking more. Even the dingy English sparrow and his squabbling kin are fun to watch and he can while away many weary hours watching their antics. If he lacks a previous acquaintance with birds, the present enforced idleness offers a marvelous opportunity to lay a basic foundation for knowledge of wild life that will become an ever increasing pleasure throughout the years.

Try to bring in bits of the "outside world" for your child's enjoyment. A rose that has just bloomed will be a delight. Remove the thorns and let him have it in his hands to handle and to smell. He will enjoy it more than if you put it in a vase. One sick child living in an apartment received a lovely corsage from an adult friend. Her understanding mother pinned it to her pillow, giving the child pleasure all day.

Tell him of all the small happenings that you notice and have the other children do so, too. You will find a wealth of material in your backyard if you will but watch for it. Incidentally, this will serve to take your mind off your worries as well as to help entertain your patient.

Explain to the child that you are ready and willing to wait on him at any time; but the less he interrupts you while you are working, the more time you can spend with him later in the day. Always try to anticipate his needs and leave things within easy reach. Leave him entertainment material but not too much at a time. A large tray provides a good work surface for the child in bed. Change materials frequently. By the time the patient is sitting up, suggest that he make a couple of scrapbooks. It is better to undertake two small ones than one large one. They are completed sooner, giving the patient a feeling of satisfaction and success. He will enjoy them while undertaking other projects. A couple of notebooks about 6 x 8 are easy to handle and light. Paper stamp hinges may be procured at the dime store for a few pennies a hundred; these or Scotch

Do's and Don'ts in caring for sick children

tape will secure the pictures cut from old magazines without muss or upsets. Perhaps one book can be animals and birds. Another may be flowers and trees or houses or automobiles, depending naturally in what direction his interests lie.

The other children should not be allowed to feel that they are being neglected; that you are giving the sick one too much of your time and attention. Explain to them that the well-being of the sick child is just as much their concern as that of the parents. Make it a privilege to take turns at "waiting on" the small patient. Let them think up "surprises" to take in to him. They will all enjoy it.

For yourself, make a point of taking short rest periods every hour or so. Five minutes' complete relaxation can do lots to renew your energy. Eliminate all housework that is non-essential while you have the added burden of sickroom care. It is only temporary for a child will soon learn to entertain himself for ever lengthening periods of time, leaving you more time for the house. Live just one day at a time and when the ordeal is over you will be surprised to find that you have stored up some pleasant memories, the sweetness of which will last through the years, not only for yourself but for the child that was sick.



—Monkmeyer.

—Pinney.

Daddy fixed her a dandy worktable out of a big suit box and Mother's imagination has supplied things to do.

Everybody, Get a Pencil

Games your whole family will want to play.

OUR FAMILY would feel almost the same if we had no supply of pencils and scratch paper as we would with no flour or fuel in the house. Pencil and paper games are our favorite indoor amusement.

They are cheap—everybody has a pencil, and a ten-cent tablet will serve for a good many rounds. We seldom go to even that slight expense. An old typing paper box in a living-room cupboard holds a supply of scratch paper—unused pages left in discarded school notebooks, circulars printed on only one side, everything and anything in the way of paper of suitable size and surface.

The games are communal fun, enjoyed by players from ten to eighty. Junior in the fifth grade may beat Grandfather fairly often. Some of the games can be enjoyed even by the five- or six-year-old just before he has to trot off to bed. Most pencil and paper games can be played by any number from two to a dozen or more.

They are creative. You have to *think*, a lot or a little, in playing such games. Making almost anything gives one a fine feeling of power—even if the creative work is only a bit of foolish verse or a funny picture.

Gargoyles . . .

is so simple that even youngsters who cannot yet write enjoy playing it with the rest of the family, yet it can be very amusing. Each player draws a head near the top of his paper. Then he turns his drawing under, leaving only a bit of the neck in sight. The paper is passed to the next player who draws a body. The third player draws legs. After that the art work is unfolded and put on exhibition where all may view—and laugh at—the strange composite creatures. You may find a horse's head on a fat lady's body with chicken's legs. You may find a solemn human face with an octopus body with six or eight arms proceeding gayly on roller skates. You may find nearly anything—if the players have a bit of imagination and just average ability to use a pencil for drawing. The last flourish is to think up appropriate names for the gargoyle creatures—such as "The Preacherskaterpus" or "The Human Horse-chick."

Picture Race . . .

is even more fun for an evening when some young friends drop in or the family circle is augmented by a cousin or two. Most youngsters and a great many adults thoroughly enjoy the game, which may be simple or truly difficult, according to the age and experience of the people playing. You must have two teams and a "starter," two stacks of paper and two pencils. The paper and pencils are put on tables or desks at opposite ends of the living room, while the starter sits halfway between them. The teams may

be any number from two to a dozen. First the starter makes up a list of words which he writes plainly on a piece of paper, folds it so *only* the top word is in view. The teams assemble around their respective bases. Then one member of each team goes to the starter, who shows them the word. The players hurry back to their bases and draw pictures representing the given word. The rest of each team tries to guess what the word is. The team guessing correctly first is given one point by the starter. And, of course, the team that has the greater number of points when the list of words is finished wins the game. Ties can be played off by giving one more word.

Speed in drawing is more essential than artistic ability, but imagination and ingenuity in getting an idea across pictorially is more important than either. No words or letters may be used. The pictures must be *just* pictures. Players take their turns at getting the words from the starter and drawing the pictures. As you can see, the game may have a good deal of variety. For small players the starter will use easy words like *pig*, *house* or *sunset*. Older players will find it fun to try illustrating such words as *mist*, *heroism* or *spring*. Book titles or song titles are fun for grown-up players, too.

Telegrams . . .

is an amusing and not-too-difficult game to play around the dining table. Each player has a piece of paper and pencil. As most telegrams have ten words, that is the number used in these just-for-laughs messages. The players give letters of the alphabet in turn and everybody writes the letters at the top of his paper. Then each player has ten minutes in which to concoct a telegram using words which begin with the letters given and in the same order. The more nonsensical the messages the better. If the given letters were M C H E D R I M P D you might have some telegrams reading: "Mary come home. Elephants devouring rice in Mother's pantry. Distractedly—" and "My circus has evaporated during ride. Must pay debts." The telegrams may be addressed to real or fictitious people and places and signed either by the real author or any other character he chooses to have put his name to the message. After the telegrams are written the proud authors read them aloud in turn—and seldom have to wait for the laughs.

After the family has become expert at writing such telegrams they may like to try writing replies—using the given letters in reverse order.

By Eleanor Hammond

Patchwork Sentences . . .

is another good source of innocent merriment. Each player writes the *subject and verb* of the sentence at the top of his paper, folds it under and passes it to the next player who writes the *object*. The third player adds a *modifying phrase or clause*. It is easy to remember what to write if you keep a sample sentence in mind. "Mary had—a little lamb—whose fleece was white as snow" will serve nicely. The accidental combinations are likely to come out much more amusing. "Let us sing of—seven little pink shrimps—dancing to the music of the spheres" and "I remember, I remember—day after tomorrow—designing a hat for the Duchess of Windsor," are a couple of Patchwork Sentences our family came out with one good evening. You may do even better if you try the game.

Accidental Limericks . . .

are done in much the same way. Nearly everybody easily remembers the rhythm and rhyme scheme of a limerick. The players write lines in turn, putting their rhyme words at the bottom of the paper as they go for the following players to see. This gives some faint clue as to the subject matter—but never enough to prevent funny incongruities. The sixth player is allowed to open the limerick and edit it slightly if need be, to straighten out such things as tenses and genders. The rhyme usually comes out very funny.

"There was an old man of Barview
His stew was made mostly of glue,
The trains on the track
All tried to turn back—

And I think that it ruins the view!" is a sample of the sort of thing that usually happens.

Word and Question . . .

is an old old game—but as delightful now as when our grandmothers played it. It is another write-and-fold-under game. The first player writes a word, the second player writes a question—the sillier the better. The third holder of the paper opens it, reads the word and the question and composes a rhyme to answer the question and include the word. It is a fine chance for making up foolish doggerel. And who isn't delighted to read his own "poems" aloud to a sympathetic audience? The worse the meter and the more strained the rhymes the funnier. I have seldom met anybody from ten to ninety who did not "catch on" easily and play the amusing old game with gusto.

Consequences . . .

may prove slightly tiresome to adults after a round or two—but most teen-agers get endless giggles out of the well-known and decidedly ancient sequences of "Plain Mary—met—handsome John—at the end of the carline" and what he said, she said, they both said, the world said and the consequences were—. The players write, fold under and pass around the circle the papers until the old and honorable routine

Ideas! Ideas!

"just for fun!"

Try Them!

ends. Then the story of Mary and John gets read aloud. As the names used are customarily those of real people, very likely some of the players themselves, most middle-size and even older youngsters are vastly amused.

Categories or Guggenheim . .

is a real wits-sharpener, though older children enjoy it if the categories are kept easy enough. It can be difficult enough for the highest IQ's, if you want to play it that way. First a framework of 25 squares is drawn on each player's paper—5 across and 5 down. Space must be left at the top of the frame to write the categories and space at the left for 5 letters. The players then name categories in turn until five are written above the five rows of spaces. Then a five-letter word is chosen to furnish the letters at the left. MARCH, LAMBS, ROVER—or any five-letter word can be used.

One player is appointed to keep the time, say "Go" and, after ten minutes, "Stop." During the ten minutes each player tries to write words into his squares which belong to the categories and begin with the letters at the left. For instance if the category is "Fish" and the letter S he may write "Salmon" in that square. If he manages to fill all his squares with appropriate words he will have 25 words—5 for each category. For beginners and younger players such categories as animals, birds, boys' names, flowers and colors work best. If you are entertaining a few college professors you might try things like words of five syllables, foreign coins, characters from Shakespeare, great scientists and Australian fauna.

The possible (though highly improbable) score is 100—4 points for each correct answer. A player scores 4 for each square he fills correctly IF nobody duplicates his answer. One point must be subtracted for each duplication, except in cases where there are enough duplications to wipe out the scores entirely. Then the players still score 1 point each. Any final score above 70 is excellent—though, of course, scores will vary greatly from game to game according to the chance choice of letters and categories. Vowels like I and Y are likely to run down scores, as words that begin with the letters are scarce. The players read their words aloud in turn and check on duplications, then put down the score for that particular square—round and round till all the scores are ready to be added. The player who makes the highest score is the winner. It is a fascinating game and one that will often keep the players busy a whole evening—or series of evenings.

"The Game" . . .

which Alexander Woollcott and some of his friends are said to have played day after day at lunch, is equally fascinating. It, too, begins with a framework of 25 squares, but instead of words, single letters are to be written into the spaces. The players give letters in turn around and around the circle until 24 letters have been given. As each letter is called, all the players write it in one of their squares. The idea is to spell words with the letters, running from left to right or from top to bottom of a column. As in a crossword puzzle a letter may be used twice—once horizontally and once vertically. But words may not overlap nor turn corners. For instance if a line reads T O N O T—you can not count it as the two words TON and NOT. You may score only one of them. The last square is "free." In it the player may write any letter he chooses—which usually helps him to complete some word. Before starting, one letter of the alphabet is "eliminated." That letter may not be used during that round. If you want to make it easy you eliminate a letter like X or Z—but try the game eliminating E or S.

Five-letter words score 10 points. Four-letter words, 5, and three-letter words, 3. One- and two-letter words do not count anything—so forget them. If words are duplicated by other players, each loses all his score for the word. Then a five-letter word scores only 5 for each of the players. One is subtracted for each further duplication—but there are surprisingly few of them usually. If anybody ever managed to make a perfect crossword with 5 five-letter words across and the same down, he would score 100. You will do well if you score 30 or 40 on your first game. Fifty is an excellent score at any time. A few fabulous players have made scores in the 70's—once in a hundred games.

IF YOUR family is ingenious, you may try to invent other new games to play. They furnish a wonderful opportunity for youngsters and grown-ups to meet on equal terms and enjoy something together. And they are FUN! If my family were cast away on that desert island, right after "the Bible and Shakespeare" I'd want to rescue an unlimited supply of pencils and scratch paper for them from the sinking ship!

In Daddy's Boots

(From page 30.)

Michael gulped. He blinked. He wanted to cry. "But I can't stay here all night," he thought. He went on tramp-tramping through the snow. "I wish I'd never put on these big old boots and gone out," he gulped.

He looked at the big boots. He was not proud of the big footprints like Daddy's any more. "I just wish Daddy was in them—not me," Michael thought. Daddy would find the way all right. Daddy always

knew what to do. "If just Daddy were in these boots—" Michael thought unhappily.

But Daddy was miles away. And Michael was in his boots.

In Daddy's boots. Somehow the words gave Michael an idea. What would Daddy do if he were in the boots?

"He wouldn't sit down and cry," Michael told himself. "He would be brave. He would stop and think what to do—not run around in circles getting scared."

Michael looked at the boots again. They were Daddy's—and Michael would try to act the way Daddy would act. He felt better at once. Daddy would look around carefully. Then he guessed Daddy would go up to the top of this hill and try to see something he knew down below.

Michael tramp-tramped up the slope. He stopped and looked around. He would not feel scared. He would not cry.

The snow was not so thick now. And, yes, there was a lighted window down below. Michael started for the light.

Keeping it in sight and tramp-tramping straight for it Michael kept getting closer. At last he saw the house. It was Grandmother's kitchen window. He was home.

Grandmother was glad to see him. "But your new galoshes didn't come," she told Michael. "The store writes they are out of your size."

Michael smiled. "I don't care," he said. "I'd rather wear Daddy's old boots. I'd have been lost today if they hadn't helped me act like Daddy. That got me home all right."

Grandmother did not quite understand until Michael explained.



"I hope you feel cute today because I've got a headache."

This Business of College

(From page 3.)

WHEN our children have been enrolled in a college, we have the right to expect the college to do its utmost to provide a democratic community—a community which will give the maximum opportunity to gain useful knowledge and experience in Christian living. We should expect the college to recognize the infinite worth of each student and to direct him or her to achieve as complete self-realization as possible. The college should be seeking constantly to discover the potential and latent abilities of our children, and to assist them in cultivating their possibilities. Specifically, we should expect the college to attempt seriously and sincerely to render the following services:

1. Provide a program of studies in general or liberal education, giving a broad understanding and a wide acquaintance with life of the past and present. Also to give such pre-professional courses as will enable our children to receive the necessary motivation in attaining his or her maximum intellectual growth.

2. Help our children to understand and to know themselves and thereby become emotionally mature, socially poised, and religiously responsible.

3. Direct and instruct our children in a well-planned program for the conservation and promotion of their physical health. This should give them an understanding of health laws and the acquiring of health habits which will guide them throughout life.

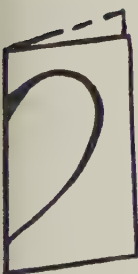
4. Prepare our children for intelligent citizenship in their communities, in their country, and in their world. This will necessarily foster a constructive and critical interest in problems facing society but will also stress the responsibility for participation in political and other activities for promoting the welfare of society as a whole.

5. Encourage the development of aesthetic appreciations and present through artistic programs, courses, and activities opportunity to enjoy the beautiful and the excellent. This gives release to tensions arising out of the routine duties of life and provides for the renewing experiences without which living may become dull and boring.

6. Foster for and with our children a meaningful experience in religious living. All knowledge and every vocation find their true perspective and meaning in religion. It takes religious understanding and commitment to make life complete. Religion can never be an attached part to any program of life. By its very nature it permeates all programs and all life to give character and value to the whole. It cannot be left out of any educational endeavor. Any attempt at education that does not recognize and include religion must and will fall short of preparation for life in our world.

Yes, it seems clear that we, as Christian parents, should plan to send our children to college. This plan should begin early to inspire in them the desire to go to college. Finally, the choice of a college to attend is an important religious decision for us and for our children.

Let's Make Some Valentines



WHEN Valentine Day comes, your friends will be delighted to have a valentine that you have made all by yourself. And, if you send one to Grandma, she'll be happier than that!

Homemade valentines have a way of showing how much we love our friends. Anybody can buy a valentine but no one can make one exactly like the one you make yourself. Making sewing card valentines is very easy and a very special way of saying, "Won't you be my valentine?". Why don't you try making sewing card valentines this year?

All you need for your project is some thin cardboard, scissors, pencil, thin paper, large darning needle, and red yarn. You'll need a pattern first of all. Make this by folding the thin paper lengthwise. Begin at the top and carefully cut a heart shape. Or, if you can't

do that, draw around a ready-made valentine. Be sure that the heart shape does not come quite to the edge. A valentine that measures about four inches from top to tip is about right.

Now cut your thin cardboard into pieces about four by six inches. Trace around the heart pattern, leaving a space at the bottom for the name of your friend or a message. With your darning needle, punch holes all around the valentine heart. You put two holes close together, then leave a space about one-half inch long, and then put two more close together. This makes the longer stitches on top and makes a prettier valentine.

Thread the needle with red yarn, tie a large knot in the end and start to sew. Be sure to have the long stitches on top. When you have finished you will have a very nice valentine. You might like to sew in the name of your friend at the bottom of the card.

By Vera Channels



A Winter Camping Party

By Loie Brandom

Especially for You,
Teen-agers!

PEGGY was biting the end of her pencil while Marge sat across the table from her in deep thought. It was their turn to entertain the Teen Age Club, and they were trying desperately to think of something novel in the party line with which they could surprise their club members.

"What about a camping party?" Peggy asked suddenly.

"In the middle of winter?" Marge shivered.

"Oh, sure! What could surprise the girls more than that? Or be more novel! Let me elaborate!"

"I chill at the idea, but go ahead and elaborate all you wish," Marge encouraged. "The plan might have merits which are not now in evidence."

And so it happened that two weeks later a group of very eager girls each received an invitation that was indeed a surprise.

On dark green cards had been pasted pup-tents cut from dark brown paper. The front flap of each tent had been cut so it could be lifted, and on the outside of each flap was printed, "Peep inside." When the flap was lifted there appeared the following verse, printed on the dark green card with white ink.

It may sound foolish—a winter camp,
But you'll not be cold, and you'll not get damp.
So wear sports clothes, and spend the night,
You'll be quite safe by our campfire bright.
Date Place Hour

The night of the party Peggy and Marge were very mysterious until all the guests had arrived, then they led the group to the winter camping ground which proved to be the attic—but a transformed attic that was indeed a delightful, woodsy campsite. Fragrant evergreen boughs covered the floor, and were stacked in the corners. Logs served as seats. In the center of the log circle was a make-believe campfire of branches and small logs, lighted from beneath by concealed electric light bulbs.

On the outer edge of this ideal camping ground were the pup-tents for the night's sleeping arrangement. Each tent held two beds made up on "the ground" over stacks of dry, fragrant hay, with blankets and pillows a-plenty.

The attic ceiling had been covered with a dark cloth to which were pinned silver stars, making a realistic sky, and a big golden moon peeped from behind some cedar boughs in a corner, completing the illusion of a real out-of-doors scene.

The first stunt Marge and Peggy had planned was entered into with real zest by the guests. A scorekeeper was selected and furnished with a pencil and paper. Peggy then pointed at one of the girls and asked her to name some woodland object the name of which began with the letter A—as antelope, anemone,

or ash (tree). The players then tried to guess what object she had in mind, and the one who first guessed correctly was awarded five points by the scorekeeper. Number two in the circle was next called upon to name an object beginning with the letter B, such as bear, beetle, brook, bat, etc. The game continued in this way through the alphabet. The player totaling the most points at the end of the game, was declared winner, and awarded a birch-bark basket filled with salted nuts.

Following this game was an Archery Contest. A target was placed at one end of the "woodland," and the contestants took turns shooting toy arrows at it. The winner of this event was awarded a toy "loving cup," in the shape of a vase for her championship.

Peggy and Marge then began passing paper and pencils around the circle of girls, followed by paper sacks, tied at the top, each of which contained an object the name of which was to be guessed by the girls by feeling of the outside of the sack. Each girl recorded her guess opposite the number appearing on the outside of each sack. Such objects as a nubbin of corn, a potato, an egg (which they made sure was hard-boiled), a sponge, a cake of soap, tube of toothpaste, and various other objects were included in the sacks. The girl guessing correctly the largest number of concealed objects was awarded a huge sack of doughnuts which she had the pleasure of passing to the other contestants who had tried but hadn't won.

What May You Find in the Woods? The girls were numbered and a timekeeper and checker chosen. Beginning with number one, each in turn was asked to shut her eyes and begin naming the things she might expect to find on a trip into the woods. The timekeeper allowed each player only one minute of time. In the meantime the checker had been keeping count of the things mentioned and scored up the number of the things named by each girl. The one who succeeded in naming the largest number of objects in the time allowed, was given a reward for her brightness. The girls were surprised to find that sometimes their brains do not work the same with the eyes shut as when the eyes are open. The stunt sounded much more simple to them than it proved to be.

Dropping kernels of corn into large-mouthed quart jars from hands held at shoulder height also proved a popular stunt with the girls.

After a real outdoor "feed" of wieners, hot rolls, chips and pickles, popcorn, marshmallows and cracked nuts were passed. While enjoying these, the girls sang songs, told spooky campfire ghost stories, and reveled in the same delights as though it were really a good old summer-time outing.

What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life

By J. D. Montgomery



An attractive and effective means of helping homes in their program of family activities and education is to plan for well-presented exhibits in the church. From time to time books, reading materials, pictures, and hobbies may be portrayed. These exhibits will be most effective if they are so planned as to emphasize some major interest each time. One exhibit might center around books, another around pictures, and another around hobbies which will help to make family life more enjoyable.

The ways that churches have used some of these exhibits are given and may be suggestive in helping your church plan similar exhibits for its families.



The First Baptist Church, Somerville, New Jersey, where Bruce McGraw is pastor, conducts an annual exhibit of religious pictures for use in the home. This exhibit consists of inexpensive but carefully chosen religious pictures which are suitable for use in the homes of the congregation. During the exhibit many parents purchase copies of religious masterpieces that have significance for the entire family. Mr. McGraw, explains the religious value of these pictures, as follows:

1. A religious masterpiece can be *indirect* Christian influence to all members of the family and guests in the home if the picture is merely hung in a good place, such as a lighted hall, or living room, where people pass or gather. A good picture in the right place can speak for itself.

2. A religious masterpiece can be of *direct* Christian influence if definite time is arranged for the family to view it as a family unit. At such time someone should be prepared to give interesting information about the picture, the artist, and perhaps his inspiration

for painting it. Such information may be gathered from the local library or from books in the pastor's study.

Periods of silent meditation before a picture make that picture more meaningful to an individual or a family. Personal or family devotions, therefore, take on added significance when a religious masterpiece is placed conspicuously.

In such daily devotional periods father, mother, or one of the older children might lead in prayer or read the scripture. *The Secret Place* or some other devotional booklet may be used. Recorded religious music will enrich such worship experiences.

Bedtime stories and songs will also have added meaning if related to pictures that hang in a child's bedroom.

3. A good religious picture always has increased value as time is spent exploring the hidden depths of the artist's message. As a family seeks that message or spirit it can be greatly enriched.



It has been the custom of the First Christian Church, Chilli-cothe, Missouri, to have exhibits of Christian literature from time to time. Among the books are those which are suitable for the home and which can be purchased for the family library. These exhibits have been a part of the program as set up by the planning committee of the church, and have been geared to the larger program of education and Christian living. Included in this program, initiated some years ago, were mimeographed charts to be used in each home to help the family come face to face with the necessity and responsibility for developing a strong Christian life in the home. The book exhibits became important and were conducted somewhat in the following way:

1. The books were secured from the Christian Board of Publication for the exhibit and were placed in the vestibule of the church where they remained on display for two or three weeks.

2. The seasons which proved to be most appropriate for these exhibits were December, preceding Christmas, and May during and following Christian Family Week. These were the times when individuals were thinking most about the home and family.

3. As a part of this emphasis in December, one outstanding feature was a parents' tea which was held the first week in the month. The purpose of this tea was to lead the thinking of the parents in the realm of Christian family development and to present the best Christian literature available and how it might be used in the home.



One of the churches in Cleveland, Ohio, has worked out a plan for training the children of the congregation in developing hobbies. Near the church there is a wooded area which has served in part for this project. This forest has been used as a place for preparing picnic grounds, worship centers, playgrounds and other outdoor activities. Along with these outdoor activities certain types of hobbies have also been developed, such as wood carving, painting, modeling, and making various types of collections.

On special occasions the articles which have been prepared in these projects are brought together and exhibited in the church. These projects in hobby development not only make life more enjoyable for the children but present the possibilities of hobbies for families to adopt.

Happy Birthday to Me

(From page 11.)

"It's partly the way parents are made." Molly was quick to press the advantage indicated by his uncertain tone. "Why I even worry about a cake in the oven! I'm always afraid it may not rise—even though I know that it contains all of the ingredients for making it rise and that nothing can prevent its rising. I might take a look; slam the door; and make it fall, though. Understand? There wasn't anything wrong with the composition of the cake, but I may have made a mistake. Parents are like that. We're so dreadfully *unsure*. So, when you can, won't you prop us up a bit? Reassure us as to the job we're doing. Tell us," in spite of her valiant attempt at lightness, her voice shook slightly, "tell us, at least, that you give us *'E for effort'*..."

She couldn't miss the sheepish glance that passed between the two boys.

JOHNNY squeezed her hand awkwardly and got slowly to his feet. "I'd better be going," he said with elaborate carelessness, "It's late—and Mom gets worried."

Without speaking, Molly pulled his face down to hers and kissed him soundly.

A moment later, the thud of his running feet was growing fainter in the distance.

Tommy gripped his mother's hand. "Mom," he gulped, "You're regular. You put that across to Johnny all right. But I can't see why his folks..."

Molly sighed. "I guess you can just say—parents are parents."

"Thank goodness that you're not a parent," said Tommy grimly. "You—Mom, you're regular! But Johnny's folks ought to be ashamed of themselves! They brought him up!"

That brief statement had the impact of a stiff right to the jaw.

"I know," his mother's voice was wistful. "But—well, sometimes you add up and add up, you forget what and when to subtract and it's the total that pays off."

"My total is okay," Tommy

spoke not boastfully but with calm assurance, "You thought that I couldn't account for everything." He hesitated for a fraction of a minute, then he added, "Wait a minute, Mom. I want to show you something."

He clattered up the stairs and she heard furniture being moved. In a minute, he was back. In his hand he had a newspaper advertisement and a handful of money.

"See?" He paused and sneezed two or three times. "My, that rug makes a dusty bank. Now I know why they call the green stuff 'filthy lucre'... Tomorrow is your birthday and I was going to make you wait, but—look, here's *every penny* I've earned and where every penny went—almost. I average forty a month on my paper routes and I've been putting twenty away when I first get it. You know, if you don't bank *first*, there is never anything *left over* to bank!" He made that statement with the air of one who has made a profound discovery.

"That," said Molly dryly, "has been noticed by others—myself included."

"And George says that if us guys want to horse around his place, we might as well work. He's been paying John and me fifty cents an hour for looking after the place. That way, he gets a chance to eat and to go to the barber shop—stuff like that.

George goes to lodge on Thursdays. John and I take over at eight. George gets back about eleven. That's a dollar and a half apiece. It buys our lunches for about three days. That's a big help in saving money, I can tell you!"

He dropped his financial report into her lap and unfolded the advertisement. "When I asked you if you'd like a television set, you said you'd like a little ninety-nine dollar set. Well, I've got ninety-five and I figured maybe you'd be willing to lend me the other four. And I do need some dungarees. Could you let me get them on your charge account? I'll pay you back next month."

"Of course I am, and I could. But—but Tommy, I just don't know what to say..."

"Hey, don't bawl!" protested Tommy, "We'll pick out the set in the morning. I've been so scared that you'd get the cleaning-up bug before it was time to surprise you. And I did want to..."

"You certainly have! I always did like surprises and this one is super. A television set! Zowie!"

"John is working toward a mahogany desk that his mother has always wanted," volunteered Tommy. "He still lacks about ten dollars but her birthday isn't until next month." He yawned suddenly, "I'm beat." He scrambled the money and financial report together inside the advertisement to make a rough package.

"To you," he bowed deeply and pressed the package into her hands, "for being regular and for giving a guy credit for being regular, too. Happy birthday!"

She heard him stumbling sleepily on the stairs. Later, she heard the bed groan protestingly as he flung himself upon it.

Still, she sat.

She couldn't forget the expression in Johnny's eyes; the tight, bitter line of his lips. She wondered if Johnny's mother would ever enjoy her desk—if she would ever realize how much it had cost.

To think how nearly...

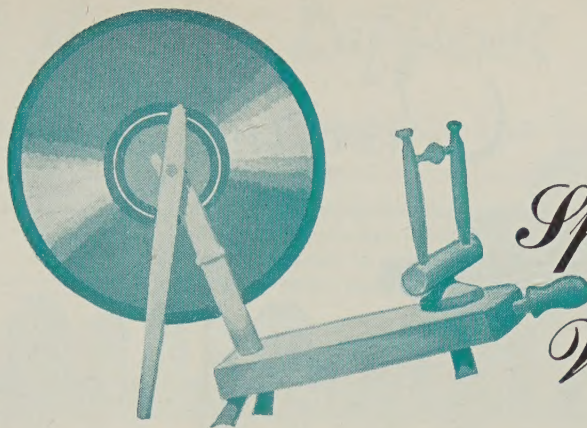
Molly pressed the rough parcel to her breast.

"Happy birthday," she whispered. Happy birthday to me!"



"You've certainly outgrown it—but it'll be fine for your father."

By Joey Sasso



The Spinning Wheel

Hymns of Christian Glory (*Bibletone Album*). "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," "Fight the Good Fight," "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken," "O Jesus, I Have Promised," "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "Love Divine, All Love Excelling," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "Faith of Our Fathers." These beloved hymns are played on the Master Cathedral Organ in the right key and tempo to accompany solo or group singing. Booklet containing words and music in album. Convenient to use when your own hymnal is not available.



Songs by Erna Sack (*Capitol-Telefunken Album*). "Potpourri," "Parla Valse," "Funiculi Funicula," "Swallows From Austria." Here is a phenomenon that visits our world perhaps once in a generation. The voice of a woman with such range and serenity that it ran reach and sustain, effortlessly, the extraordinary feat of C above high C! It is the voice of Erna Sack, which has thrilled Europe since the early 1930's and is now brought to you, faithfully recorded. Here, indeed, is an album of music that becomes, at once, the possession of a collector . . . a contribution to sheer personal pleasure or to the enjoyment of good friends.



Vocalise, Op. 34, No. 14, by Rachmaninoff, **The Rose and the Nightingale, Op. 2, No. 2**, by Rimsky-Korsakov. Lily Pons, Soprano, with orchestra conducted by Andre Kostelanetz (*Columbia Masterworks*). The great Lily Pons sings two songs by Russian composers of note. The first side is probably the composer's best-known song, being a "song without words!" The lyric and melody on the reverse side is an enchanting work, particularly suited to Miss Pons's talents. The soprano is admirably supported by the conducting of Andre Kostelanetz.

The Steadfast Light

Faith is a glowing ember, radiant
—bright,
Unwavering as still white candle-
light;
Yet, no wind of scorn, no gale of
doubt
Can ever put the small light out!
—ROSALIE BARNETT SPINDLER

The Green-Eyed Dragon, Mah Lindy Lou, Robert Merrill, baritone with Leila Edwards at the piano. (*RCA Victor Red Seal*.) Two favorites frequently sung by Metropolitan Opera baritone Robert Merrill in concert and on his radio programs which reveal the opulence and style of his admirable singing. Piano accompaniment is perfectly keyed to the baritone's vocal projection.



Quartet No. 4, In C Minor, Op. 18, by Beethoven. The Paganini Quartet. (*RCA Victor Red Seal*.) The last recording made by the Paganini Quartet for RCA Victor prior to the death of cellist Robert Maas. Made in England while the quartet was on a concert tour, the recording augments four previous Beethoven quartets the Paganini ensemble has contributed to the RCA Victor catalog. The Paganini group's affinity for Beethoven was never better manifested, the entire performance revealing effortless ensemble and remarkably balanced proportions that are characteristic of their music making in concerts and on records.



The Return of the Wayfaring Stranger, Burl Ives (*Columbia Album*). "On Springfield Mountain," "Little Mohee," "Troubadour Song," "Lord Randall," "Bonnie Wee Lassie," "Colorado Trail," "John Hardy." Burl Ives, America's best known and most beloved ballad singer, sings nine of the folk songs that have attracted the attention of the public to him as a great artist. He has been much in the public eye of late, what with his many concert appearances, the publication of his autobiography, *Wayfaring Stranger*, his Columbia recording of "Riders in the Sky" and other events.



Sparky's Music Mix-Up (*Capitol Kiddie Album*). Sparky's music mix-up revolves around his desire to learn many musical instruments, instead of becoming accomplished on one. Because his friends play other instruments, he deserts the piano to skip from violin to clarinet and trumpet, not allowing himself time enough to master a single in-

strument. As the years pass, his friends become famous musicians while he remains an obscure amateur. The sequence proves to be a dream but Sparky realizes that in order to be a success you must stick with one thing. Sparky is portrayed by Henry Blair and Billy May directed the music in this Alan Livingston production, on six 10-inch Superflex records.



The Little Gingerbread Man, The Three Little Pigs, There Were Three Indians (MGM Children's Album). These three unbreakable Metrolite singles inaugurate a new children's series under a collaboration between Betty Martin and MGM Records. As an artist, Miss Martin has been rated the country's top children's singer and storyteller by Columbia University. The Mother Goose Parade folder she made last year for MGM had one of the biggest sales on record for a children's set. Miss Martin has drawn endorsements of the country's foremost parent and educational groups for the intelligence and simplicity of her approach to the child.

These stories are told simply yet dramatically, utilizing the best narration available and the minimum of music necessary to cohesive purposes. The narrator is Dwight Weist, one of radio and newsreel's busiest announcers. His enunciation is flawless—an important factor in children's story-telling.

The final story "There Were Three Indians" is something of an event in children's recording. It was created for this series by Margaret Wise Brown, America's best-selling children's author. It is a story of three Indians who slept in a mountain for hundreds of years to awaken to a world changed by the modern white man. Saddened by the sight of a land of skyscrapers, highways, and trains, they choose to sleep again in their mountain until the world returns to a simpler, happier state. Here Dwight Weist achieves a wonderfully gripping effect with no music but an Indian chant and a beating tom-tom. That chanting, by the way, is authentic, done by Ish-ti-opi, a full-blooded Choctaw Indian. Once you've heard these sides, you'll agree that they mark the beginning of a promising new era in children's recording!



Do We Want This?

The liquor industry seems to be ready to desert a long-established policy. For years it has not attempted (very hard, at least) to have its product advertised over radio and television (on the major networks). This policy was deliberately adopted by the Distilled Spirits Institute some years ago.

One large distiller, whose name we will not advertise, not a member of the DSI but voluntarily following its policy, has now taken steps to get on the air according to news items in the *New York Times* and *Advertising Age*. The decided decrease in liquor sales in recent years is the cause of this sudden change of policy. Distillers view with envy the greatly increased sales of brewers (beer makers), which is in large part the result of extensive radio plugging.

Hearthstone is opposed to allowing radio and television to be used to broadcast liquor advertising. We believe its readers do not want this invasion of whiskey, rum, gin and their ilk into the family circle.

Here are three persons to whom you may send your protests:

Edwin C. Johnson, senator from Colorado, chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee of the Senate, is already violently opposed to this bridgehead attempt. He has called it a "blind, vicious, and selfish" proposal. He needs support from citizens.

John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury, and supervising head of the Alcohol Tax Unit, has authority which he can exercise to forestall this offensive (in all three dictionary meanings of the word) effort.

Honorable Paul Walker (who we hope is no relative of *Hiram Walker*), acting chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, can do much to prevent this step being taken by the distillers.

If you do not want this last area of freedom from liquor advertising taken over by the distillers, make your objections known now!

Which Most Needs Saving?

The American Bible Society has been wisely taking steps to preserve many copies of the Bible in case of

an atomic war. Copies are being placed in three widely scattered places, fireproof vaults at Dartmouth College, the University of Colorado, and in New York City. Wise as this precaution may be, it raises one or two questions.

Do we need to save the Bible from atomic fire as much as we need to start a biblical fire under this atomic age? Remember what James Russell Lowell said about there being "enough dynamite in the New Testament to blow civilization to bits"? Without pressing that figure too far it does have some significant implications.

If there is anything that can save the world from the threat of atomic disaster it is a widespread application of the "dynamite" of the Bible. That "power" is not destructive but constructive. It is a power that builds up, that draws men together, that heals and helps rather than hurts, or even more accurately that hurts only to heal and help. To make Lowell's figure more realistic we might put it thus, "There is enough power in the New Testament to save civilization from blowing itself to bits."

Another question of importance is this: Is it not better to place the Bible with its saving truth deep in the hearts and lives of boys and girls, men and women than to save a printed book for a posterity that may never exist? Let our homes and our churches give themselves with increased energy and devotion to that better part which can then neither be taken nor blown away.

Around the Corner

Next month *Hearthstone* presents Christian views on "The Teen-Ager and His Money," "Facing Social Attitudes with Children," and other articles for the enrichment of family living. *Just for Fun* is in charge of Walter King who tells how to use your senses for family fun.

Fiction, of course, is included for your literary pleasure, and an excellent article on "Pictures for the Home" by Jean Louise Smith will be of interest. Don't miss the March issue of *Hearthstone*.

Books That Help in Difficult Times



Thoughts to Live By

by J. A. Rosenkranz

A series of epigrams that serve as a guide in meeting day-to-day problems. Each page has a pithy maxim to encourage the reader to lead a richer more purposeful life. \$3.00

Man Has Forever

by B. H. Bruner

Brief assurances of immortality for laymen. Scripturally sound! Easy to understand! Nonsentimental! Here is truly a fortress of faith explaining the relationship of immortality to the unseen, to the human heart, to physical death, and to the empty tomb. \$1.00

A Guide to Confident Living

by Norman Vincent Peale

Bible teachings put into modern psychiatric form offering solutions to personal problems. The book is packed with cases in which the new technique of religious counseling has helped troubled people overcome the enemies of buoyant living. \$2.75

When Life Gets Hard

by James Gordon Gilkey

A stimulating book suggesting ways in which the ordinary person can manage the burdens which have been laid upon him. There are chapters like these: "When You Must Master Fatigue," "When You Reach the End of Your Resources," and "When Death Takes Someone You Love." \$2.00

Like the Great Mountains

by Jack Finegan

Eighteen new lucid and inspiring essays for high-school and college-age youth pointing out principles of Christian living. Each essay is brief and dynamic enough to absorb young people's interest. \$2.00

Must a Man Live?

by T. T. Swearingen

A book to help young people choose the right ideals . . . guidance on how to carry these ideals right on into daily living. \$1.25.

Religion Helps

by C. E. Lemmon

Practical discussions of personal and social problems young people face today, written by a man who has worked with college students for many years. \$1.50

How to Live Your Faith

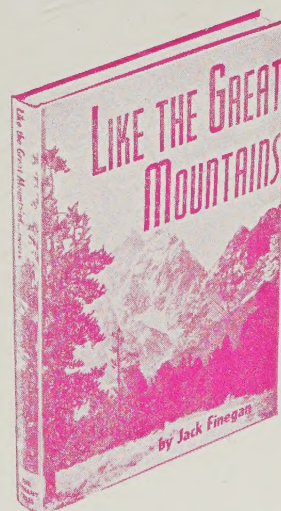
by G. Ernest Thomas

A book teaching one how to pray in order to change things, how to read the Bible so as to understand it, how to face life and death, and how to meet other problems. \$2.00

Common-sense Living

by Hubert Winston Hansen

A book showing how a person's mind works—what his choices, habits, fears, prejudices and instincts do to him—and how he can live a fuller life. \$1.50



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